THE TIMES.

VOL. V, NO. 22.] GREENSBORO, N. C., JUNE 2, 1860. [WHOLE NO. 226.

MISS S. J. C. WHITTLESEY.

SARAH JOHNSON COGSWELL WHITTLESEY was born in Williamston, North Carolina, August 24th, 1824. June 19th, 1842, she was united in marriage, in her native town, to Henry A. Smith, of Lenox, Massachusetts. Her marriage was unfortunate and unhappy. In February, 1846 she abandoned him for jealous tyranny. *In 1849* she was divorced. Her first literary production was published in the "Elenton Sentinel" in the summer of 1846. In 1852 she published a volume of poems, "Heart Drops from Memory's Urn," and in 1859, a book of prose, "The Stranger's Stratagem, or The Double Deceit, and Other Stories." We have been fortunate in securing many beautiful sketches, stories and poems from the pen of Miss Whittlesey to grace the columns of The Times, and as a Southern authoress, we [illegible] publisher, and bespeak the kindly patronage of the South, in behalf of her literary efforts.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To ——.

BY MATILDA.

Thou art remembered, every breath
Of music that I hear,
Yea, every tone of lute or harp
That falls upon my ear
Wakes in my heart a thought of thee—
A thought of other hours,
When life was like a garden walk
Hemmed in with fragrant flowers.

Thou art remembered—doubt me not:
Though parted far from thee.
Thy memory o'er my spirit steals
Like music o'er the sea;
Thine eyes look on me from the past,
Still breathing as they shine,
The heart that loved thee fondly once
Will ever more be thine.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Kate Princeton,

TRUTH EMBELLISHED.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

SHE was not what the world calls *beautiful*, though the large, liquid blue eyes receded meekly behind the violet-veined lids, and the gold-like fringe drooped low upon the pearly cheek, that wore the tint of the wild rose, but deepened into richer beauty, beneath a lingering gaze.

She was not beautiful, though the glittering, soft brown curls floated around a neck of lily whiteness, and a smile of sweetness and sensibility, rested, ever, in the graceful curve of the dainty mouth, and the low, broad marble brow, looked always calm and peaceful as the pure heart that pulsated in that slight, exquisitely moulded form. None would have called her beautiful, but those who had looked into the inmost recesses of that young heart, and read, in its soft pulses, the warmth and tenderness of that pure nature. Innocent as a young dove, and light hearted as a bounding fawn, her merry, musical voice would ripple out upon the cool winds that fanned the foliage of the deep old woods around our far-away home, while picking the wild violets from their purple nooks, to twine amid her beautiful ringlets; and her glad laugh would go gushing along the rose-bordered rivulet, that mirrored her bright young face in its silvery surface, as her dainty feet danced on and on, in pursuit of a panting little rabbit, that started from the thick hedge, affrighted by her pattering foot-fall—or an unfledged partridge, that fluttered from its nest-home in the tall, wavy grass, and sped onward as fast as its slender limbs could carry it, with little wings outspread to aid its feeble flight.

A few years' seniority gave her pre-eminence over me, and I would quietly listen to words of gentle reproof from her sober lips, and kiss away the sorrowful tear in her sweet blue eye, with promises of future thoughtfulness, when I would have bounded away from others' remonstrance, or scampered, laughingly, along the white pebbly walks, thoughtless that life had aught else for me to do, than gather the luscious berries that nestled in crimson-ripe beauty, among the sea-green leaves, behind the clustering hazel-hedge, at the bottom of the blooming old garden.

Year after year went on, and Kate and I were called to part. Ah! I remember, well, the humid lustre of her meek, blue eye, that looked so sadly into mine when the last farewell was said: and when far away in the old Seminary, where I was doomed to linger out so many weary months, with the hooded mountains of the west imposing their shaggy heads between us, even then, I seemed to feel her soft arms about my neck, and hear her sweet voice whispering comfort in my lonely ear.

We parted when the first buds of earth were just bursting into bloom, in that gentle heart—when no sorrow, save the sadness of an hour, dimmed the brightness of that pure bosom.—We parted ere the tempter came to youth's fair Eden, to shut out from its rosy bowers the silver light that bathed its lovely scenes. The tempter! Ah! the tempter stole, with serpent wiles, behind the flowering vines, through which youth's eye had never peered into the thorny paths of life, and unfurled her gloomy pall, above the trusting head, so peacefully nestling in life's warm, bright sunshine, on the downy lap of the present, thoughtless of the rough embrace and dark entwinings of the future. Ah, poor Kate!

Week succeeded week, and month after month added to time departed. A letter came. A letter! Who has not felt the throb that startled the heart from its quiet rest, and sent the warm life-tide sporting through every purple vein, when the bright characters of a dearly loved and far-distant one meets the wistful eye? To know the lovely eyes that have wept for us, and the gentle hand that has so often clasped our own, have rested upon the glossy sheet that lies like an angel messenger, before us—how it floods the heart to overflowing, with blissful memories of home and friends! A letter from *home!* Ah! is it not a priceless boon?

In the gray shadows of the cloud-capped mountain away from the gay hum of girlish voices, with the tall pines, like omenous sprites, waving their breezy heads above me, I broke the azure seal. How the burning tears blotted the tell-tale page, as I drank in the great heart-gush of newly awakened *love!* It was all over—the sweet dreams of childhood—the bright hopes of youth were gone, for another had crept in to divide us—had sought and won the wealth of that warm young heart. Why had I not thought, before, of being supplanted in that gentle breast? I *might* have known so fair a flower was not "born to blush unseen," and live beloved by me alone. Sadly sighing over our faded dreams, we hid the letter in our bosom, resolved to *hate* the chosen of our youthful friend. Be not too unmerciful, kind reader, 'twas but a childish envy of the bold, presumptuous one who had usurped the throne upon which we had once reigned supreme—a jealousy that faded away, like a sorrowful dream, when we saw the rich rose-hue float over the fair face of the modest Kate, when the well-known step of the loved one, fell upon her waiting ear. Sweet Kate! how happy she looked in her earliest dream of love, when the deep eye of the proud lover rested upon her blushing cheek: we only hoped the future might not dim so fair a sky.

Summer's sweet unfolding deepened into brighter beauty, in Autumn's gorgeous dyes—cold Winter shrouded the corpse of the year, and melted into ruddy Spring, and early May would usher in Kate's bridal day. A few more weeks and our probationary term would be over—but the blissful thoughts of a homeward-bound journey were shadowed by the last letter. What could it mean? The richness—the heart-gladness that characterized her, was gone, and we knew, from the altered tone, that "a change had come o'er the spirit of her dream." What [illegible]?

The dull monotony (to us) of books and paints and thrumming keys expired, and with treasured mementos, to speak, in days to come, of days that were, we bade adieu to the old walls, that looked like a funeral pyre in the bosom of towering mountains, that seemed ready to bury them beneath their threatening heads.

Poor, poor Kate! The health-glow had faded from her soft cheek, and the bitter tears fell upon our bosom as she laid her weary head there, and told us the sad story of broken hopes and departed joys. The lover—the gay, the false, the heartless—had coldly left the gentle lily, for the blooming, courted rose. A stranger face had swayed his worthless heart, and a fawning sycophant he bowed to win what others sought, careless of the breaking heart he had so idly thrown away. Oh! how I hated him! I would have gone a pilgrimage to avenge the wrongs of the pure-hearted Kate. * *

Lights glanced from the windows of a gay mansion, where the merry laugh went 'round, and beauty floated in the mazy dance. It was a lovely night in blooming May, and should have been Kate's wedding eve, but he who might have wooed the rose to that cheek so pale and fair, was revelling in the halls of mirth and gladness; while she, the faithful and too true, shunned the careless eye, and wept in silence and alone. Yes, he—the proud, the scorned—with smiles as false as those that had won the gentle Kate, hung entranced upon the words of the brilliant girl, who seemed well pleased to charm his eager ear. And she was *beautiful*; if large black, lustrous eyes, and raven curls, and cheeks of blended cream and roseleaf, can constitute beauty, then was Florence Elton super-eminently lovely. But the *heart!* Ah, that the heart should be less charming than the person—for who could think the bosom spotless, that veiled the dark stains of a worthless character, with the golden tissue of wealth, and sweetly smile on him who had trampled upon the pure heart of one of her own sex! We *could not* love her, though her gentle words and lovely smiles fain would have won our heart.

A proud smile curled her bright lip, as the false one vied with many others in doing her homage—but could a single glance of deepest scorn, and soul-contempt, have withered him, he ne'er had smiled again when he met *our* eye.

But sorrows come not single, and Kate, ere long, placed beside another grave, beneath the gloomy boughs of the evergreen, her only surviving parent! Poor orphan Kate!

A few weeks went by, and rumor ran that the false James Sydenham, had won the brilliant beauty, who would ere long be a bride. Heaven knows we envied not her future fate, but the white, thin cheek of the forsaken one, called loudly for revenge. How should it be obtained? * * * * * *

The last lingering rays of the fading sunlight, tinged the spire of the little village church, as the stage coach rattled up to the Roanoke Hotel, and a handsome stranger of noble mein sprang upon the portico, and lightly entered the hall.

We sat alone in our chamber, gazing up at each young star that twinkled through the violet-veil of heaven, mentally contrasting the blooming face of Florence, with the fading one of Kate, when a gentle tap, and low "come in," brought a message to our feet. It was a delicate note and sweet device from the gay and admired belle—she whom we had so often reproached as vain and artful and self sufficient. Oh, how we had wronged her!

Bounding out into the dewy mist of deepening twilight, we flashed along the winding walks of the old garden, dashing the jewels from each green leaf and coral bud that shone up through the sparkling drops as we hurried on. Over the green lawn we ran, and the little rill that rippled on, at the base of sweet "Rose Hill," sent its gleeful laugh after us, as we sprang, in wild joy, up the smooth hill-side. A few more steps would have sent us, like a frightened bird, into the presence of the sorrowing one, but discretion whispered us:—*Kate must not know of this!* So calming our fluttering heart, we stole quietly in, and playfully folded our arms around the desolate girl. "But Kate"—we said to the orphan mourner—"dear Kate, you won't suffer the false one to triumph in this last hour? You won't let him know the power he yet possesses over one whom he has so basely slighted?

"Go Kate, go and face the heartless traitor: let your presence at his bridal, 'like bees in flowers, sting him with success.'"

"Ask me not to see him," said the poor girl, "think not that I seek revenge for so deep a wrong. I would not place one thorn in his pathway, though he has strewed them over mine: my deepest wish of ill for him is, that conscience may not tremble for the past." Poor Kate! we would have despaired of the desired end had we not possessed the secret key.

Sabbath morning dawned bright and beautiful as anxious heart could wish. One by one the gay-clad villagers came into the little church to kneel in silent devotion, or cast sly glances at each other. Close beside the little altar, Kate and I sat side by side. Her dark mournful garb gave a transparent snowiness to her thin face, and the fervent devotion of the hour lent the faintest rose-tinge to her youthful cheek. The tolling bell hushed its music, as the man of God walked with measured pace up the aisle and ascended the sacred desk. Anon a merry peal rang out, clear and music-like, upon the still air, and every eye distended in silent wonder. What could it mean?

How my heart fluttered with anticipation as the low sound of revolving wheels fell upon the ear. The fall of steps echoed up from the yard, and Florence Elton entered the arched door-way, leaning upon the arm of the proud and stately, and *false* James Sydenham. Our heart almost died within us as we stole a glance at the death-like face of Kate. Involuntarily we clasped her cold, white hands that lay so meekly folded in heavenly resignation, and tremblingly whispered: "be calm, be firm, Kate—'for human weal, heaven husbands all events.'"

A brilliant light flashed from the beautiful eyes of the lovely girl in bridal attire as we met her glance, and a sweet smile answered our exulting look as the marriage rite began. The startled assembly rose, as the deep tones of the minister floated throughout the silent chapel.

But Kate! We secretly admired, with sensations of pride, her quiet attitude. She stood, with arms folded upon her bosom, and her blue eyes calmly resting upon the lovely bride—not a trembling fold betrayed a quivering heart, and nought but the deathly hue of her cheek betokened her aught than a careless observer of the unlooked for scene. Poor Kate! This was the first test-proof of deathless love, and nobly did she withstand it.

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

"No! and *never* will I" was the distinct response of Florence, as she withdrew from the side of the astounded groom, and placed her hand upon the arm of the handsome stranger.

"What means this trifling, Miss Elton," said the minister, indignant at its seeming mockery of so sacred a rite.

"It means," answered the fearless girl, stepping out before him and drawing up her fine form to its most queenly height, "it means that I will never wed one who has trampled the most sacred of ties beneath his polished feet—one who has forever crushed the brightest bud of a young and trusting heart, capable of the richest and warmest emotions of mortal inspirations, with as little compunction as he would have thrown a gathered seedless blossom of the wildwood into the bosom of the deep! Think you false one," turning scornfully to the confounded man, "that a heart nurtured in the pure air of the North could cling to him who has betrayed the love of one of her own sex? Will he who has blighted the hopes of another, prove less false to me? Go, then, more soulless than the loathsome reptile that stings the hand that warms it into life, and learn that though you have long triumphed in the *seeming* conquest of so proud a heart, it was but 'to sting thee more, and deepen thy distress.' Go! and let the future atone for the wrongs of the past; and learn thou that, 'ambition's boundless appetite outspeaks the verdict of its chance.' I know I have incurred the censure of worthy hearts by such a wayward course—do you ask me why? It was to put thee to open shame for thy bold presumption in thinking to trample with impunity, with the affections of one of my helpless sex; [illegible] and unites the means, for, 'the measure thou hast meted to another, has been measured to thee again.'"

Sweet Florence! Never had she appeared so radiantly lovely as when, with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks, she read the death-doom of the convicted man, who stood there a perfect picture of guilt-personified.

Even the stern face of the minister melted into a happy smile, as he saw the look of proud affection in the dark eye of the handsome stranger, as he drew the hand of the noble Florence within his arm.

But what of Kate, as the lovely girl, like an avenging angel, required her wrongs? Ah! poor Kate! She had sunk down, with her white face buried in her thin hands, and pitying hearts bore her, almost lifeless, from the place of her faithless lover's humiliation—a place that knew him no more forever, for he fled from it as from the plague of leprosy, and now dwells in the wilds of the West.

The dawn of rosy morn bore Florence and her lover, far, far away from hearts that yet dwell upon her memory with the deepest tenderness and admiration, and a happy wife she now blooms on the banks of the beautiful Hudson.

And Kate! When we parted ten years ago, the heart was not light, but calm, and the fair brow had regained its placidity. The roses still bloom upon the margin of the shining stream, the witness of her early gushings of gladness, but they come no more to her snow-white cheek. The soft brown clustering curls, that were, lie smoothly now upon her peaceful brow, and nought but the warm pure heart, tells of our friend of other years.

Ah, poor Kate!

Force of Imagination.

A Peasant saw his dog attacked by a strange and very ferocious mastiff. He tried to separate the animals, and received a bite from his own dog, which instantly ran off through the fields. The wound was healed in a few days; but the dog was not to be found, and the peasant, after some time, began to feel symptoms of nervous agitation. He conceived that the dog from disappearing, was mad, and within a day or two after this idea had struck him, he began to feel symptoms of hydrophobia. They grew hourly more violent; he raved and had all the evidences of the violent distemper. As he was lying, with the door open to let in the last air that he was about to breathe, he heard his dog bark. The animal ran up to his bedside, licked his hand, and frolicked about the room. It was clear that he, at least, was in perfect health. The peasant's mind was relieved at the instant; he got up with renewed strength, dressed himself, plunged his head into a basin of water, and, thus refreshed walked into the room to his astonished family.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LITERATURE.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

THE WORKS OF THOMAS HOOD:—Edited by Epes Sargent. 3 Vols., 12mo. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Because a book is received with great applause, and meets with an extensive circulation, upon its first appearance, it is not always safe to assume that it is a work of positive merit; because it not unfrequently turns out that the popular verdict is superinduced by the combination and force of extraneous circumstances, and has but little regard for the real merits of the performance itself. The popular mind is vacillating and susceptible of being swayed by strong appeals and by causes of a temporarily exciting nature. The popular verdict usually conforms to the state of the popular mind; and if the popular mind be the dupe of some exciting cause, or popular prejudice, or feeling, then the popular verdict is biased and unreliable. As pertains to Literature, the opinion of eminent literary persons is far more correct and reliable. And when the popular verdict corresponds or agrees with the opinions of persons eminent in literary matters, it is pretty safe to conclude that the work thus pronounced upon, is a meritorious performance. This furnishes a very good test; but the best test of all is the verdict of Time, pronounced after the lapse of many years, when criticism, both commendatory and condemnatory, has exhausted its power, and all those temporary causes, which might have had a tendency to bring about a different result, have disappeared.—When a book has withstood the vicissitudes of "time and tide," and comes out of the elemental conflict unscathed, there can be no mistake about its being a worthy, positive merit; for only merit can withstand the ravages of Time.

And the history of Literature furnishes numerous instances of the most worthy books being received with disfavor on their first appearance by the community of readers and treated with neglect until Time has *proved* them meritorious when succeeding generations accord to their authors the long-withheld but justly-deserved meed of praise. Such books by reason of their inherent merits, have been necessitated to live down both neglect and opposition. Books, in this respect, do not materially differ from men; for how frequently it turns out that a truly great man is not properly appreciated until his works and his name are all that remain of him.

This is eminently true of Poetical literature. But few poets were properly recognized during their sojourn on earth. It usually devolves upon posterity to discriminate between good and bad poetry, and between good and bad poets. Poets are a species of sensitive plant, usually found growing in the shadow of some vast monastic pile or some elemental ruin of the past. Yet there were poets whose theme was the philosophy of Life. And no species of composition is so well adapted to overthrow immorality and to advance morality as Poetry. In good poetry the ideas are usually expressed in the strongest and most perspicuous language. Add to the forcible manner in which they are represented, the beauty of the surroundings which enclose them, as the pure gold encloses the rare diamond, and the superiority of poetry as a vehicle for the communication of moral thought, is readily apparent.

A forcible illustration of what I have been writing is furnished in the poet THOMAS HOOD and his works. He was one of Great Britain's many writers who passed nearly his whole life in literary toil, was neglected and died in poverty. Posterity has began to accord to his works their appropriate place in the world's literature. He is now beginning to be appreciated, and the world is becoming aware of what it lost in his death. HOOD occupied an important niche in the Temple of Fame all by himself. As an original humorist he stood without a rival in English literature; and we can no where find his equal in this department of letters. The great rapidity with which he composed his humorous articles, both in prose and verse, and their great number, had a tendency to render him less popular than he justly deserved to be. And yet when we now survey his works their great variety and number entitle him to a much greater meed of praise than if he had written but a few articles. The versatility of his humorous talents, is truly remarkable. No little incident, and no important event could transpire within his knowledge without its being made the subject of one of the most humorous poems in the language. Nature made him an humorist; and we discover none of that affectation and false glitter about his works indicative of the imitator. His humor is natural, and flows from his pen apparently as easily as it is for a school miss to write rhymes upon "spring" and its "violets." There is always a point to his humor, and when it comes out the laugh begins in earnest. HOOD had no rival in humorous verses; and it is always with the greatest pleasure that I lay aside the works of other humorists and take up his. Mr. Sargent, the accomplished editor of this edition of Hood's poetical works, remarks in his preface very justly that "The reputation of HOOD as a poet and humorist has increased with every year since his decease. As a humorous poet, indeed, there is no one similar or second to him. This is the judgment of a circle of readers daily enlarging, and as various as mankind. There is nothing in the language, more touching than his pathos, more genial than his humor, more polished and keen than his satire. For twenty years he lavished his satire, humor and pathos with a prodigality that knew no bounds, and for this very prodigality the world undervalued till it had lost him. Popular as he was in his latter years, in his life-time he was but half appreciated, and it is only since his death that he has challenged his position in the foremost line of the world's humorists."

Not only was HOOD the first humorous writer of his country, but he was one of his country's most pathetic writers also. He heartily espoused the cause of the poor and the oppressed and the beautiful and heart-melting poems which he gave to the world won for him the respect of mankind, and set in motion many of the most philanthropic measures and institutions of which his country can boast. It was the publication of his incomparable poem "The Song of the Shirt" that first attracted the attention of the English public to the cruel and inhuman treatment which the poor seamstresses had to endure. That poem alone should and it will entitle its author to the lasting gratitude of mankind. A more forcible picture of the wrongs of that oppressed class of females never was drawn. It not only draweth attention of the benevolent-hearted to these poor creatures, whose wages of labor was

"A bed of straw
A crust of bread and rags,"

but it drew the tear of pity from the eye of every person who had a human heart in his or her bosom. It is the last, sad, sorrowful wail of the dying and the dying,—an echo from a living tomb. And then there is "The Lady's Dream!" No person can read it without acknowledging its truth. O would that thousands of ladies might *for just once* have *such* a Dream. It is the awakening of an indifferent-minded person to the sad realities of life,—of a mind accustomed to luxury and indulgence becoming conscious of the wrongs and the oppression of the poor.

These are but two of the many pathetic poems written by HOOD. He thoroughly entered into the feelings, thoughts and sympathies of the humbler classes. He was ever ready to defend them from the slurs and jeers that are usually thrown at them. He discovered within the homespun and the cast-off clothing of the "great" the warm and honest heart and the spirit of patriotism. He tells you that the men who work at the plow, and the forge, ask but fair wages, work and a reasonable compensation. They are the very foundation of society—the very instruments by which the world may be revolutionized or civilization be advanced. Although of considerable length I shall quote *The Lay of the Laborer*, which, I believe was never before published in this country until it appeared in this edition. It needs no comment:

THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pick-axe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what you will—
And here's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And skill'd enough, by lessons rough,
In Labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
To lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swarth on the sultry field,
Or plow the stubborn lea:
The harvest stack to bind,
The wheaten rick to thatch,
And never fear in my pouch to find
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
My fancies never roam
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the hearth of Home:
Where children huddle and crouch
Through dark long winter days,
Where starving children huddle and crouch,
To see the cheerful rays,
A-glowing on the haggard cheek,
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To Him who sends the drought
To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The blight to blast the corn,
To Him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path,
To strike the miser's rick, and show
The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pick-axe, or a bill
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what you will,
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
The market-team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover-side,
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's deer;
Break into his lordship's house,
To steal the plate so rich:
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse
To welter in the ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,
Wherever Labor calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the work-house walls:
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life,
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,
With labor stiff and stark,
By lawful turn my living to earn,
Between the day-light and dark;
My daily bread, and nightly bed,
My bacon and drop of beer—
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none for the overseer.

No parish money, or loaf,
No pauper badges for me,
A son of the soil, by right of toil
Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task;
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinew of a Man,
To work and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doom'd by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and eat the lean,
Instead of the fat of the earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labor can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man!

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pick-axe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what you will,
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb, and woe to him
Who does their pay begrudge!

Who every weekly score
Docks labor's little mite,
Bestows on the poor at the temple door,
But robb'd them over night,
The very shilling he hoped to save,
As health and morals fail,
Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
The Spital, or the Gaol!

I shall now quote a brief poem entitled *The Death Bed* as a specimen of HOOD's best poetry. Can any thing exceed it in beauty and pathos?

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Space will not admit of further quotations, or I should quote several specimens of his Humorous poetry. This I may do on a future occasion.

I can not leave the subject without saying a word or two relative to this edition of HOOD's poetical works. This is the most complete edition of his poetical works ever published; and Mr. SARGENT is certainly entitled to the gratitude of all lovers of HOOD for collecting and so admirably arranging his poems. The Editor has performed his self-imposed task with signal ability, as he does, indeed, every thing which he undertakes. HOOD, were he living would feel proud of his Editor. This edition consists of three splendid 12mo. volumes, printed most beautifully, uniform in style and binding with Messrs. DERBY & JACKSON's world-renowned edition of the British Classics. Mr. Sargent intends to follow these volumes with a collection of HOOD's prose works in uniform style and binding. When completed, it will be one of the most desirable set of books in English literature. The poetical Works will be published separate as they are now published, and will also form a part of the complete edition of his works. Every lover of HOOD, (and the number are steadily increasing,) should possess these splendid volumes. Price in muslin per vol. $1.25, in sheep $1.50.

A Journey under Paris.

A correspondent of a Swedish journal furnishes an interesting account of a subterranean voyage made through one of the admirably constructed sewers of Paris. The boat which conveyed the party was reached by descending a flight of steps to the depth of about forty-five feet. The boat, a flat bottomed affair, was lighted by four lamps. The sewer is an archway, fifteen feet high, and of equal breadth, with a ditch or canal about ten feet wide, wherein all the dirt and filth of Paris is carried away. On the sides are sidewalks, which, together, are about four feet wide. The whole is built of beautiful white sandstone, and is kept remarkably neat and clean. No stench or bad smell was perceptible. The denser portion of the filth is carried away through large drains beneath the sidewalks. The sidewalks are excellent, and exhibited no signs of dampness, while the walls of the archway are kept whitewashed, and are at all times as white as the driven snow. The structure possesses the properties of an immense speaking tube, the workmen being able to converse at the distance of two miles from each other. The echo is very strong and lasting. The fabric is said to be built after a model of the catacombs of Rome, aided by all the latest improvements. On both sides, at about two hundred yards distance from one another, are openings through which the workmen can ascend by means of permanent iron laddors, in case a sudden rain storm should cause the water to rise over the sidewalks, which is, however, of rare occurrence.

The contents of the sewer of course flow into the river Seine, and the current is sufficient to carry the boat used along with considerable velocity. Large reservoirs are constructed at intervals, into which the water can be turned for a short time in case it should be necessary to have the canal dry for a little while. The whole work was completed in two years. Besides the main canal there are many minor ones constructed under the principal streets, all of which can be made to communicate with one another. These admirable underground works are accessible from the Louvre, the Tuilleries, and from all the barracks, and should the Parisians take a notion to barricade the streets in any part of the city, the Imperial Government might, at short notice, and without any person being aware of it, transport troops, and if there is time to make use of reservoirs, so can cavalry also be transported the same way. There is an end to shooting on the soldiers from the windows, and a revolution in Paris will soon only be remembered among things that have been, never to occur again. Through these underground passages a prisoner can easily be taken from the Louvre to the Seine, without attracting attention, and thence sent off by railway, which is near at hand. This splendid system of sewerage was one of the pet schemes of the first Napoleon.

STATE STOCKS.

In New York on Monday, $10,000 North Carolina 6s sold at 97.

STATE EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The undersigned, Executive Committee of the State Educational Association of North Carolina, would hereby give notice that the next annual meeting of the Association will not be held until some time in the ensuing Fall. The Committee have been induced to fix a period later than usual for this meeting for reasons which they consider entirely satisfactory: but they do not deem it necessary to give these reasons now, in detail, and will only allude to a few of the leading considerations which have had an influence in forming their decision.

In the first place, by holding the meetings near mid summer, important sections of the State are virtually excluded from the privilege of inviting the Association to meet in their midst, as a number of the members do not like to go far east or south at this season.

Secondly. It is impossible to fix a time for the meeting when there will be vacations in all the schools, and thus to hold the meeting to suit those teachers whose schools are not in session is to confine the active membership of the Association to a part only of this class of its friends.

Thirdly. The last meeting ordered such a large amount of important business to be prepared for the action of the next, that the committee having it in charge should be allowed the longest possible time.

Fourthly. It is very desirable that officers of the Common School system should attend the meetings of the Association, and this they can do much more conveniently in the Fall than in the Summer.

C. H. WILEY,
Sup. Com. Schools of N. C.
J. D. CAMPBELL,
Exc. Secretary.
C. C. COLE,
Cor. Secretary and Treasurer.
} Ex. Com.

GREENSBORO, May, 1860.

☞ The newspapers of the State friendly to the cause of general education, will please publish the above notice.

HORRIBLE SCHEME OF ROBBERY AND MURDER.

The Richmond Dispatch of Saturday says; An affair has come to light in this city within a day or two which makes one's blood run cold to think of. A young man employed by two lumber merchants, in order to get possession of $600 in money, conspired with a negro to rob or murder one of his employers, and the foul deed was only prevented by the negro's courage failing him when required to strike the fatal blow. The facts, as we understand them are these: A young man in the employ of R H. Whitlock & Son, knowing that Mr. Charles Whitlock lodged in his office, and that he often had large sums of money in his iron safe, bargained with a negro man to rob the safe, and, if necessary, murder Mr. W. Finding that W. had deposited $600 in his safe a few evenings since, the young man alluded to left the window blind unfastened. At a late hour that night after arming the negro with an axe, the two repaired to the office to accomplish their murderous design. On trying the blind, and finding that Mr. W. had discovered its condition and fastened it, the clerk told the negro that they would have to shed blood to get the money. He thereupon placed the negro at the side of the door, armed with an axe, saying that he would bring Mr. W. out by throwing a stone against the house when the negro was to kill him. The white man was then to get the key open the safe, secure the money, and divide it equally. The negro took the position assigned him, but when the white man threw the stone, the negro retreated, ran off, and told his overseer, who communicated the facts to Mr. Whitlock. The day after, Mr. Whitlock, in the presence of others, charged his clerk with the conspiracy to murder; and on his being confronted by the negro, he confessed all and sued for pardon. Strange as it may appear, Mr. Whitlock forgave this would-be murderer and robber, and turned him loose upon the world, "unwhipt of justice," and probably to imbue his hands in the blood of some innocent man.—We have not given the name of the offender, because an effort has been made to keep it from the public; but if he is to be found in the Commonwealth, there is very little doubt that he will yet be brought to trial for the offence.

THE PACIFIC TELEGRAPH.

The two sections of the Southern Overland Telegraph already completed, cover five hundred miles southwest from St. Louis on the Atlantic side, and four hundred and eighty miles East of San Francisco on the Pacific.—It is in expectation, when the wires are completed to Los Angelo on the one side, and Fort Smith on the other, that a horse express will connect these points by a run of five days.

POLITICAL.

There was a mass meeting of the Democracy at Huntsville, Ala., Tuesday. Resolutions were adopted by more than seven to one in favor of non-intervention and of the Baltimore nominee, and against the Richmond bolter's convention.

WAKE COUNTY.

At the Wake County Democratic Convention held 21st, George W. Thompson, Esq., was presented as the Democratic nominee for the Senate and Edward Graham Haywood, Henry Mordecai and W. R. Cox, Esq., for the House of Commons. Resolutions were passed, one of which recommends the nomination of Hon. S. A. Douglas by the adjourned Convention to meet at Baltimore on the 18th June.

Moses A. Bledsoe, Esq., of Raleigh, having failed of obtaining a re-nomination from the Convention announces himself in the *Standard* as "an independent Democratic candidate for the Senate in Wake County."

FOREIGN NEWS.

FROM EUROPE.

The Persia brings Liverpool news to the 12th instant.

Continental affairs generally were unchanged. General Garibaldi's expedition to Sicily was the prominent topic of the day. This expedition numbered 2,200 men, well provided with the munitions of war. They left near Genoa at midnight on the 5th, but there was nothing authentic as to their landing. It was reported that they would land at Calabria to create a division of the Neapolitan forces to that point.

The latest advices from Sicily say that the insurrection continues, and that the insurgents have concentrated at Cifalu.

Garibaldi's Lieutenant, De Medici, was expected to sail in a few days with 2,000 more volunteers.

Strong opposition was threatened by the Derby party in the House of Lords to the repeal of the paper duty.

Lord Wodehouse explained the result of the negotiations with Central America. He said the Nicaragua treaty had been signed, but not ratified. The right of passage over the Isthmus of Panama had been recognized.

Sir C. Trevellyn, Governor of Madras, has been recalled, in consequence of insubordination, in openly denouncing Wilson's Indian financial programme.

The Manchester Cotton Supply Association had held their annual meeting. The prospect was encouraged for an extensive cotton producing area.

It was rumored, but discredited, that France had demanded explanations from Prussia relative to her augmented war estimates.

M. Von Plener permanently succeeds Baron Bruck as Minister of Finance.

It is reported that Russian intrigues in Turkey are again prevailing.

FROM CHINA.

At last accounts there was a panic at Shanghai. Business was suspended, owing to the advance of the rebels.

FROM MEXICO.

There is news from Vera Cruz to the 16th instant.

General Zuloaga on the 1st of May issued a decree deposing Miramon and assuming the Presidency. This movement caused a general alarm among the Church party.

Miramon had sustained several heavy reverses. He had imposed large loans on the city of Mexico, as well as on several foreign commercial houses.

General Uraga, with six thousand Liberals, including the brigade of Carvajal and the brigades, of Morelia and Guanajuato, occupied the latter city, and was preparing to reduce the capital. He is well supplied with artillery, ammunition, and stores, which were taken from the second reactionary corps at the victory of San Luis Potosi.

The hopes of the people in regard to the ability of the Liberals to reduce the capital buoyant in the extreme, and hundreds are daily augmenting the combined forces.

General Ampudia is concentrating his forces for an attack on the capital. A change in Juarez's Cabinet is also spoken of. San Luis Potosi is still in the hands of General Uraga. A crisis appears to be pending in Mexico. There is great distress among the people.—Zuloaga is said to be forming an expedition against Puebla under General Miranda.

It is stated that Gen. La Vega, recently taken prisoner at San Luis Potosi by the Liberalists, had been shot. It will be remembered that he was captured by Capt. May at Resaca de la Palma, and subsequently at Cerro Gordo. This if true, is a sad example to the world of the evils which afflict a disunited country. Its noblest sons die as traitors at the hands of their brothers.

SENATOR SEWARD.

In a letter to the Republican central Committee, Senator Seward says: "I find in the resolutions of the convention a platform satisfactory to me as if it had been framed with my own hands, and the candidates adopted by it eminent and able Republicans, with whom I have cordially co operated in maintaining the principles embodied in that excellent creed. I cheerfully give them a sincere and earnest support."

A NEGRO'S NOTION ABOUT THE COLOR OF A CHINESE.

A few days ago a negro fellow, after gazing intently at the Chinese who are now in this city with Rev. Mr. Cabaniss, exclaimed: "If de white folks is dark as dat out dare, I wonder whats de color of de niggers?"

A GREAT COUNTRY.

A St. Augustine (Florida) paper tells about "green corn" old enough for eating; while down East, in some places, cornplanting has not yet commenced.

SOUTH CAROLINA POLITICS.

R. B. Rhett, ex-United States Senator from South Carolina, publishes a letter in the Charleston Mercury approving the course of the secceders. He advocates the movement, especially because it is a sectional one, and tends to unite the cotton States. But he does not attempt to disguise that the Southern current is beginning to run against the Richmond Convention, as it ran against the Nashville Disunion Convention.

The celebrated painting of "Venus," by William Page, upon the merits and morality of which art critics are very much divided in opinion, is about to be brought South for exhibition.

Times' Correspondence.

BOSTON, May 22nd, 1860.

A case of lamentable deprivation—Difficulties in the receipt of Letters—Visit to Roxbury—What a pleasant place it is—Complaints about our Streets—Their twistings and turnings—The Nominations for the Presidential contest.

Dear Times:—In consequence of the absence of all the usual mail facilities, it is possible that the letters of your Northern contributors loose a portion of their interest: shut out as you must be from the active world there is a chance that you will relapse into the slumbrous inactivity of the bygone years, before the Railroads brought to your doors a semi daily mail. Then terrible to relate, readers of the "Times" (and we hope they number thousands) would loose their relish for the weekly letters of your ancient correspondent and he would sink into abject despair; we do hope though that this frightful train of evils is not our destined lot and console ourselves with the pleasant idea that if our letters do reach you by slow degrees, they go in good company. Seriously though this misunderstanding between our Roads and the Hon. P. M. G. is working a vast inconvenience to the great body of the people; as far as we can judge both seem to have the right on their side; the P. M. G. thinks he construes the law correctly and the Presidents think that they are entitled to higher pay, not under the law but beyond it: the case then seems to require either a compromise or the intervention of a higher power. We would venture to suggest that Adams' Express would probably make some arrangement, but this of course would require extra pay, beside the postage. At any rate we hope the difficulty will soon be settled and a free intercourse once more opened with our friends.

We have recently had the pleasure several times of visiting Roxbury, one of the largest of our neighbor cities: riding smoothingly along Washington Street, where the beauty and wealth of Boston most affect to congregate, it is difficult to fix any boundary line between the sister cities. The cars are very comfortably fitted up and are constantly thronged night and day; starting every ten or fifteen minutes they have become inexpressibly necessary both for comfort and convenience, and for a cheap ride there are few more pleasant arrangements.—Roxbury is *said* to have derived its name from the exceedingly large number of rocks in its vicinity: the accuracy of the derivation we do not vouch for, but the naked face of the rocks speak volumes in favor of its appropriateness; they start out with the most abrupt boldness in every direction, crown the hills and encumber the vallies; we must say though that their positions are generally well chosen and add much to the variety and beauty of the landscape. Many of the rich Boston merchants reside here and have erected beautiful mansions, adorned by wealth and improved by taste; we know of no more pleasant looking houses anywhere, nor any where a gentleman, well introduced, would be more heartily and courteously welcomed. The grounds too are beautifully laid off, lawns, vistas, clumps and walks inviting the wanderer's steps, are everywhere visible. Close by are several other and smaller villages, varying in size, but still great in beauty and attraction; here is Jamaica Pond, where all the world comes skating; the reservoir, where the great city is supplied with water; but we must turn to other subjects, only lingering a moment to say that from various points here may be enjoyed the finest views of Boston, and certainly but few superior can be found elsewhere.

Much complaint has been made by strangers in regard to our streets; they are certainly very numerous, exceedingly crooked and change their names entirely too often without any assignable cause; then there are infinities of courts, squares, places, alleys and lanes, which contribute extensively to mislead, confuse and confound the stranger. All these evils however like most others may easily be overcome by a little patience, and you will very rarely meet any one who will not readily give you any direction and assistance you may need in recovering your lost way and finding your course and distance; then the streets mostly have their names conspicuously posted up; the police are always near at hand, and the "Directory," that invaluable guide, may be found in almost every store. It is only in the more ancient part of the city that the streets are so confused and irregular; in the newer portion many of them are unparalled in any American city for regularity, width, straightness and every qualification for a beautiful street, among these we may name Harrison and Shawwelt Avenues, not to mention Washington, Tremont, Beacon and Mt. Vernon streets. The Corporation is now busily engaged in filling up a low swamp, adjoining Charles river, which when completed, is destined to be the most elegant portion of the city; the earth is brought from a considerable distance, on a railroad laid down for the purpose and removed as occasion requires.

Two of the contestants for the Presidential chair are already in the field; the Black Republicans have taken out their venom when they are weak enough to come before the country with such poor pretences for candidates as Lincoln and Hamlin, men powerless for good or evil. Had Seward or Chase, both men of talent, been put forth, they might have done a great deal of mischief, but it is very doubtful if these two will carry even there own States. The brunt of the contest must be borne by the nominees of the two conventions at Baltimore, and every man ought seriously to study the issues before the country and strike for the right. Yours, &c, P.S.S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 25.

The Japanese Embassy—Prince de Joinville—Congressional Matters—Senator Douglas—Municipal Election—Amusements—The Weather.

Since my last, our national guests, the Japanese, have arrived here; and after the formal reception by the President and the official visit to the State Department, have been taken around "sight seeing" by Capt. Dupont and other naval officers. Yesterday afternoon our navy yard was visited by these distinguished Orientals, who seemed much gratified and interested during their visit, by the many honors paid to them. The mechanics there, numbering about 700 men, presented a very lively appearance. Over a week has been spent so far by the Embassy in seeing the "lions," but as yet they have not seen a large number of our many places of note. To-day they will dine at the President's table. Last week Gen. Cass, Secretary of State, gave a grand party to them; this example was followed by Baron von Limberg. But it would be an endless task to relate all the interesting incidents connected with our curious visitors, suffice it to say that they seem highly pleased with the many novel (to them) sights they witness. Yesterday the handsome presents brought by them for Mr. Buchanan from the "Tycoon" were sent to the Executive Mansion, accompanied by several Japanese officers of the lower grades. These valuables, enclosed in several boxes, will, no doubt, find their way to the public collection of *curia*, the property of the government and people. The name of "Japanese" is familiar with every one here, from the Chief Magistrate himself, down to the sons of Ham who flock around Willard's Hotel to obtain a view of those "funny looking people." We have "Japanese" tobacco, fans, &c., in abundance, the latter having become quite fashionable during the past week. Their artists are constantly penciling every scene they witness, and it is said they make very good pictures. Mr. Portman their interpreter is always with them wherever they go, explaining all they see. I imagine his task to be a very laborious one.

The Prince de Joinville has been in this city about a week; and although it was his wish to travel through the country *incog.*, he has found it almost impossible, as many of our older residents remember him from his last official visit to the U. S. He is an exceedingly plain and unassuming man; and taking a great interest in naval affairs he visited our navy yard a day or two ago, and appeared greatly pleased with his visit, and complimented by the honors bestowed on him; it is said that he wishes to have his son educated at the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md. That is certainly high praise for our gallant navy, as the Prince is a very able judge of such matters.

It is impossible to say when Congress will adjourn for the session. The House voted for an adjournment on the 18th of June, but the Senate would not agree to it, and it seems that the latter body wishes to await the action of the Baltimore Convention. It is hoped that Congress will legislate upon the disposition of the 1200 African savages lately landed at Florida from the captured slavers. As the trade seems on the increase, and Congress is not always in session, it appears necessary that some general provision be made for such cases; the Senate passed the bill on the subject, founded on the suggestions of the President's Message. That body has, for the present, closed the irritating subject of the Kansas resolutions. The discussion on the Democratic Caucus Resolutions in the Senate, after continuing with unabated ardor and ability for several days, was concluded on Wednesday last by the speech of Senator Wigfall. The debate was made to bear directly upon the action of the adjourned Baltimore Convention, and opposition to Mr. Douglas' nomination or election on the part of the Southern Senators was earnestly manifested. Its result exhibits the fact that Mr. Douglas stands as completely outside the Democratic party organization—so far as identity with it upon its principles are concerned—as any member of the Republican party. Mr. Douglas is said to be confined to his room by sickness, which may account for his non-appearance in the Senate this week.

The election to be held next month for Mayor, will be, it is feared, an exciting one; and our citizens are anticipating it with no little interest.

May balls, festivals, pic nics, excursions, &c., seem to be "the order of the day" here, just now, and are largely patronized by the pleasure-seekers. On last Monday evening we had a slight touch of the terrific storm in Ohio, and which did so much damage in Cincinnati; the wind here was very violent. Since then the weather has been fine, though rather too warm for comfort; but I will not anticipate our overwhelming profession of heat and dust. Q.

A HUMAN MONSTER.

A teamster named Thomas Downing, on Tuesday last at Troy, N. Y., seized hold of the tongue of one of his horses for the purpose of making him draw, and in the attempt pulled nearly the entire tongue out of the animal.—The brutal act created a general sensation of horror, though the human brute was permitted to escape unpunished.

SAFE TRAVELING.

Calculations based upon the most authentic returns, have established that since the introduction of railroads into France, there has been only one traveler killed outright in every two millions of passengers, and only one wounded, in every 500,000.

Miscellaneous News Items.

NEWS FROM THE PACIFIC.

The pony express from San Francisco May 11, has reached St. Joseph's. The rider was killed by the Indians on the California end of the route, but all the express matter was saved. A detention of about forty six hours was caused by the misfortune.

The entire appropriation made by the State Legislature, covering the ensuing fiscal year, foots up $1,464,600, about $34,000 of which goes to pay off old claims. Something over $200,000 will remain in the Treasury after satisfying the demands now due.

In two or three days telegraphic communication will be complete between San Francisco and Varsalia, two hundred and ten miles south of the Butterfield overland route.

The overland mail, with St. Louis dates to April 16th, reached San Francisco on the 9th, bringing over 10,000 letters, the largest number ever received here at one time.

The late rains have damaged the crops of hay and grain considerably in certain sections; but generally in growing crops throughout California and Oregon promise an abundant harvest.

A deaf and dumb and blind asylum is soon to be erected in San Francisco, the funds being provided by the State.

A company having $10,000 worth of machinery will sail on the 15th for Guaymas, whence they will have the machinery taken overland to Chihuahua with the purpose of re-opening the once celebrated silver mine in that department of Mexico, which has been abandoned for the last fifty years.

The quartz mines near Jacksonville are still yielding immensely.

A steam crushing mill was soon to commence operations. An extensive new ditch to convey water through the placer diggings had been completed.

MEDICINAL WELL.

The editor of the Petersburg (Va.) Express, on a Western tour, is writing a series of most interesting letters to his paper. Speaking of the great artesian well at Louisville, Ky., he says:

The artesian well here is really a curiosity, and is visited daily by thousands. An excellent bath in the artesian water, may be procured for twenty five cents, and admission to the yard, where you may drink as much water as you please, is obtained by the payment of an admission fee of ten cents. The waters of this well ascend from a depth of over two thousand feet, at the rate of 136 gallons per minute, and are as cool as can be desired. In taste they bear a striking resemblance to those of the Greenbrier White Sulphur, and when you first partake of them, are decidedly unpleasant—upon some they have even a nauseating effect. They have been carefully analyzed by an eminent Professor of Chemistry, and found to contain many highly medicinal and curative properties. They act finely as a gentle purgative and are purchased and drank by the citizens of Louisville in large quantities. It is also bottled and barreled by the proprietors of the well, and shipped to every portion of the United States. The greatest, and certainly the most ludicrous curiosity, about the artesian institution, is a venerable darkie, from Amelia county, Va., who receives the visitors and furnishes them with water. He describes the properties of the waters with a volubility of tongue and a copiousness of polysyllables that would excite the risibles of the most confirmed hypochondriac.

WAYNE FEMALE COLLEGE.

The Wilmington Journal of Monday says: We regret to learn that during the thunder-gust of yesterday afternoon the roof of the Goldsboro Female College was blown off, occasioning some damage to the rest of the building, the precise extent of which had not been ascertained. We will have to learn further particulars before we can make even an approximate estimate of the amount of loss occasioned by this untoward accident.

If we are not mistaken, the examination was to take place to-morrow.

A Linseed Oil Factory has been erected near Newton, Catawba county, N. C.

ALABAMA.

A business letter from a friend in Alabama says: "Our crops are in excellent condition and looking finely. The cereal crops air better than an average. Cotton is promising; and the generality of the Corn is shoulder high."

VIGOROUS OLD AGE.

Mrs. Bridgett Harris, who is ninety six years old, sold in our town on Monday, two quarts of strawberries which she picked herself.—Mrs. Harris is active in her movements and can walk several miles without being fatigued.—*Leisure Hour.*

A leave of absence for twelve months, with permission to visit Europe, has been granted by the War Department to Gen. Harney, U. S. A.

Judge Douglas is suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia, which prevents him from being present in the Senate.

Heenan says he is resolved to fight Morrissey, on his return, for any sum ranging from six cents to $10,000.

Elijah H. Norton has been nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Fourth Congressional district of Missouri, in place of Hon James Craig.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.

We find the following in a Massachusetts paper:

"The commissioners of the cattle disease in Massachusetts still continue their labors. In one day they killed twenty-five cattle, in all but one of which were signs of the disease. In the course of the same day the commissioners received applications from several neighboring towns where the disease had either broken out or was strongly suspected on the ground of exposure. This was regarded as almost disheartening, and the necessity of calling for Congressional aid, in the form of appropriations and preventive enactments, may soon be apparent. The magnitude of the evils resulting from the disease in Europe is positive evidence that the danger which it threatens to our own interests cannot be overrated, and hence no means of relief should be lost sight of.

"An investigation by a scientific commission has been suggested. It is asserted with much confidence that well cattle can be protected from all danger of contagion by a prophylatic which is said to be a secret with a few veterinary surgeons. A proposition for establishing a hospital for experimental treatment of the disease, is met by a statement of the discouraging fact that of the cases thus treated in Europe, where experience and skill are united in the matter, ninety-five per cent proved fatal."

DISGRACEFUL CUPIDITY.

The Washington papers speak in deservedly harsh terms of some of the shop keepers at the capital who have been guilty of the meanness of imposing upon the Japanese Embassy, by extorting from them shamefully exhorbitant prices for the trifles which their love of the curious induced them to buy. To such an extent has the outrage upon these innocent strangers been carried, that Captain Dupont was compelled to direct that all articles desired by the Embassy shall be purchased through him.

DEPARTURE OF MR. FOWLER.

It is now stated that the defaulting New York postmaster sailed in the Moses Taylor, for Havana, on the night of the 18th inst., and that he boarded the steamer from a tug in the Bay. It is supposed that Mr. Fowler will go to Cuba or South America to reside, where he may escape the extradition treaties which we have with other countries.

JAPANESE TREATY RATIFIED.

The Japanese treaty was ratified at Washington, on Tuesday, without any ostentation.

Six hundred and fifty dollars have been transmitted from Troy, N. Y., to the owner of the fugitive slave recently rescued there.

It is rumored that the important post of commissioner to Paraguay will be offered to John Van Buren of New York.

A bill is pending in one of our western Legislatures to empower women to make contracts. They should by all means be authorized to contract—they have expanded too much.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The Boston Journal says that Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, has determined to call an extra session of the Legislature on account of the alarming extension of the cattle disease.

SUPREME COURT REPORTS.

We have received, (says the Fayetteville Observer,) the last No. of the Reports of Law Cases, Dec. Term 1859, making quite a volume of 335 pages, and embracing 95 cases. It is printed at the Watchman office, Salisbury.

Among the decisions, two or three strike us at a slight glance, as possessing an interest outside of the Profession. For instance, in Nixon *v.* Bagby, it is decided, that an officer is guilty of negligence who delays for five months to take any step to collect a claim put into his hands, and that a delay of sixteen days is negligence, if there was an apparent necessity for prompt proceedings, and he was instructed to proceed immediately. And in Hearne *v.* Parker, it is held to be negligence to delay for eight days to execute a *fi. fa.* where the officer lived within ten miles of the debtor. In London *v.* Parcely, it is decided that a deed of trust, made for the purpose of gaining time at the expense of creditors, in order to dispose of property to advantage, and prevent a sacrifice by a sale for cash, where the debtor had enough to pay all his debts, is fraudulent and void as against creditors. In Rountree *v.* Waddill, "where a prisoner was brought into open court by his bail, and it was announced, publicly, that he was surrendered, but was unknown to the sheriff, to the plaintiff's counsel, and a stranger to all present, except to the bail and the presiding Judge, and upon being ordered into custody, fled from the court room and escaped, without being in the custody of the sheriff, it was held that these facts did not amount to a valid surrender, although so adjudged by the Court, then present, and a record to that effect ordered by it."

DR. EALING ALIAS ELLIOTT.

Washington May 21.—Dr. Ealing *alias* Elliott a pretended aurist, but who was proved to have been formerly a corn Doctor, was arrested in this city on Saturday. He is charged with receiving large sums of money for pretended cures of deafness. He was held to bail in $1000, but subsequently was committed and paid $300 in cash, and has since decamped. One of the witnesses against him was his own agent. He is evidently an imposter and swindler of the first stamp.

SAD END OF A ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

Another so-called "romantic marriage" has terminated sadly. Recently, Miss Rose A. Queen, of Alabama, who was attending boarding-school in Philadelphia, eloped with a medical student, named John H. Bogart, also of Alabama. The difficulties, however, in the way of their marriage were soon removed, and in a few days the bridegroom and bride departed for the South. The lady was but eighteen years of age, had been luxuriously reared, tenderly cared for, and her future, like the past, appeared to have no cloud. Her bright hopes have, however, been dashed away. A letter just received here from Mr. Bogart announces the sudden death of his young wife, from congestion of the brain. She was married but one month.

EXPENSIVE.

It is stated that the Panama Railroad Company demands $3,850 for bringing the Japanese embassy across the Isthmus. The expenses on the *Roanoke* for building cabins and stores were over $3,000, and another thousand was expended in getting them and their baggage to Washington.

A STAR DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The Russian correspondence of the London Telegraph writes thus:

At Moscow a physical phenomenon has been recently observed, such as would have given rise to the creation of a whole cycle of fantastic myths in the times of the world's infancy. We learn from a paragraph in the leading paper of that city that at a quarter past ten, on the nights of the 1st and the 2d of March, a star to the south-west of the Great Bear suddenly commenced to wax larger assuming at the same time, the color of iron at a red heat, but without the appearance of any sparks or rays. In this condition the star appeared until half past 11 o'clock varying in the intensity of its light, and attaining the size nearly of the half moon. A little before midnight the dimness began to increase, and at 12 o'clock the star had entirely disappeared. In its stead a sort of black speck was to be noticed by the light of the stars, which were unusually brilliant that evening. It remains for the astronomers to describe, and the poets to sing, the destruction of the luminary, which for aught we know may have been the abode of a race superior to our own.

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

The Prince de Joinville, third son of Louis Phillippe, formerly King of the French, is now on a visit to this country. Some years ago he married the daughter or sister of the Emperor of Brazil, and some talk was made of erecting a new kingdom for him out of some of the Brazillian provinces. It all ended in smoke however.

The Prince like the other members of the Orleans family, is very rich, old Louis Phillippe having taken care to accumulate vast treasures and invest them mainly in England and America.

Not many years before the revolution of 1848, Louis Phillippe, with the view of conciliating the popular feeling in favor of Napoleon, negotiated for the removal of his remains from St. Helena, sending out De Joinville, in the *Belle Poule* frigate to bring them home to France. The funeral pageant on the occasion of the Imperial remains being deposited beneath the dome of the Invalides, was amongst the most magnificent in modern times. Now Napoleonism, from being merely a *sentiment*, has become an established, governing *fact*, and the present representative of the "dynasty" unquestionably the first man in Europe, while the Bourbons are an undistinguished and almost forgotten race. A few years make great changes.—*Wilmington Journal.*

TARLTON'S QUARTERS.

A marble monument, with a shaft ten feet high, has just been completed in Charleston, S. C., to be placed on the bloody field of Waxhaw's where the murderous Narlton, with a doubly superior force slaughtered nearly a whole regiment of 350 Virginians, under Col. Abraham Buford, after they had surrendered. From this massacre sprung the American war cry, "remember Tarlton's quarters!"

NAVAL AFFAIRS.

Capt. Joseph R. Jarvis, now in command of the frigate *Savannah*, at Vera Cruz, has been appointed a flag officer of the home squadron, vice McCluney, detached. Captain Charles H. Bell, now in command of the Norfolk navy yard, has received preparatory orders for the command of the Mediterranean squadron, and the new steam sloop of war *Richmond*, now fitting out at Norfolk, has been designated as his flag ship. The *Dacotah*, now nearly ready for sea at Norfolk, has been designated for the East India squadron; the *Seminole*, also at Norfolk, for the Brazil squadron, and the *Pawnee*, at Philadelphia, for the home squadron.—The *St. Louis*, now at San Juan del Norte, has been ordered on a cruise. The United States steamer *Mohawk*, Lieutenant Commander F. A. M. Craven, sailed from Key West on the 12th instant, on a cruise. The ship of war *Savannah*, Capt. Jarvis, sailed from Pensacola on the 8th inst., for Vera Cruz.

TEMPERANCE.

The Methodist Episcopal General Conference have adopted the report of the committee on temperance, recommending that the preachers be instructed to co-operate in all proper efforts for securing, in all the States in which they may reside, laws looking to the utter extinction of the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

When pride and poverty marry together, their children are want and crime.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....June 2, 1860.

C. C. COX, } Editors and Proprietors.
J. W. ALBRIGHT, }

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

P. W. CAUTHORN, D.D.,	GEO. W. COTHRAN,
MRS. E. HUNTER,	E. G. STACKS,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,	STEPHEN F. MILLER,
MRS. L. H. SIDGREAVES,	Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,
MRS. MARY A. DENSON,	NATALIA C. SMILEY,
REV. C. C. WHITTLESEY,	FINLEY JOHNSON,
MARY A. CANNON,	LOTTIE LINWOOD,
WILLIE K. PABOR,	CLARA AUGUSTA,
INA [illegible]STON,	A. CERRO SPERRY,
[illegible] DUNN,	Mrs. D. LEVERNON,
ANNA M. BATES,	PAUL KENWOOD,
GRACE MILWOOD,	Miss. C. M. LeVUE,
Mrs. L. M. H. JOHNSON,	Miss. E. C. LOOKIS,
Rev. ST. GEO. COOKE,	JULIA SOUTHALL,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,	Miss. M. A. GRYAN,
GRIFFITH J. McREE,	J. C. FITZ GERALD
[illegible]	and others.

Summer Programme.

Besides the beautiful Prize Story commenced in the last number of THE TIMES, "The Price of Vivian Gray," by Mrs. Denison, we respectfully announce to our readers an interesting "Summer Programme" of entertainment with instruction:

HELEN GRAHAM: A Thrilling Love Story. By M. GENIEVE.

RUTH WARREN; A Story of the Revolution. By LEWIS C. G. MILLAR.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE: or, A Volunteer of 1812. By MABEL LANSING.

CONESTA: A Tale of Forest Days. By ASHLEY.

GRACE MORTIMER; or, The Orphan Heiress: A Tale of American Life. By Mrs. E. C. LOOKIS.

It will be a pleasure to turn aside from the heat and dust and excitement incident to the political campaigns fast approaching upon us, to something so entertaining, fresh and spicy.

The publishers of The Times will relax none of their efforts to make every department of the paper as interesting as possible.

Death of Hon. W. C. Preston.

The Hon. William C. Preston died in Columbia, South Carolina, on Tuesday 22nd inst. The Southern Guardian makes the announcement in the following language:—

We grieve to announce that the Hon. W. C. Preston is no more. The enchanting orator, the brilliant wit, the accomplished man of society, the elegant scholar, the trusting Christian—he who had so many and such strong titles to our regard and admiration, has yielded up his spirit and gone to his rest. Honored and blest be his memory, and warmly cherished be the associations of his name and multiplied honors with our community! The grave into which he has descended so hopefully, has swallowed up all, in the living around him, but the kindest thoughts, the most touching recollections, and the most heart-felt homages.

The bell tolls as we write, and sends a thrill of sorrow into the hearts of all, that the venerable form, which enshrined so much genius, so many accomplishments, such spotless honor, and such a lofty spirit, shall be seen no more amongst us forever. "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." But they mourn not without hope. "If the mere conception of the re-union of good men in a future state, infused a momentary rapture into the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel, who are assured of such an event by *the true sayings of God*."

Ladies the Best Company.

Thackeray says that it is better for you to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club, tavern or pit of a theatre. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers who are sucking the buts of billiard ques all night, call female beauty insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please the poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is never tired of water, sauce and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night, talking to a well regulated kindly woman, about her girl coming out, her boy at Eaton, and like the evening entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it. Our education makes of us the most eminently selfish men in the world.

We fight for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes and say we will not go out; we prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society, is, that he has to think of somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

Mournful Close of the Career of Four World-Heroes.

It is a remarkable fact that the career of four of the most renowned characters that ever lived closed with some mournful and violent death:

Alexander, after having climbed the dizzy hights of ambition, and with his temples bound with chaplets dipped in the blood of countless nations, looked down upon a conquered world, and wept that there was not another city for him to conquer, set a city on fire, and died in a scene of debauch.

Hannibal, after having, to the astonishment and consternation of Rome, passed the Alps, after having put to flight the armies of the world, and stripped three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of her slaughtered knights, and made her foundation quake—fled from his country, being chased by one of those who exultingly united his name to that of God, and called him Hanni-Baal, died at last by poison administered by his own hand—unlamented and unwept in a foreign land.

Cæsar, after having conquered eight hundred cities, and dyed his clothes in the blood of one million of his foes, after having pursued to death the only rival he had on earth, was miserably assassinated by those he considered his nearest friends, and in that very place the attainment of which had been his greatest ambition.

Bonaparte, whose mandates kings and emperors obeyed, after having filled the earth with the terror of his name, deluged it with blood, and clothed the world with sackcloth, closed his days in lonely banishment—almost literally exiled from the world, yet where he could sometimes see his country's banner waving over the deep, but which could not or would not bring him aid.

Thus, four great men who, from the peculiar situation of their portraits, seemed to stand the representation of all whom the world calls great—those four, who each in turn made the earth tremble to its center by their simple word, severally died—one by intoxication, or, as some suppose, by poison mingled in wine—one a suicide—one murdered by his friends, and one in lonely exile.

Drunkenness in Wine-growing Countries.

An American letter-writer, traveling in Europe, makes the following observations upon drunkenness in Wine-growing countries:

"In Europe you see so many things which seem strange to an American. Take the use of wine. If I am right, the Europeans consume about 6,500,000,000 gallons of wine. In France, leave out of account the pasture-land which is not plowed, and the forests, of the actual arable land one third is devoted to the culture of grape. Yet there are immense districts where no wine can be raised at all. I see it stated that the Government returns make it appear that the people of France drink 850,000,000 gallons of wine, and the calculation is, that the amount is not much less than 1,000,000,000! Yet I don't believe, in the year 1859, there was so much drunkenness among the 39,000,000 people of France as among the 3,000,000 of Yankees in New England! I have been four months at Rome: there are wine-shops every where, I am out doors from three to six hours a day, and I have never yet seen a man drunk; now and then one is merry, never intoxicated. The Romans, Italians, French, etc., are quite temperate; they drink their weak wine with water, and when they take liquors, it is only a little glass at a time, (which does not make a spoonful.) I don't believe there's a bar in all Italy where men step up and drink rum and water, gin and water, etc. Excessive drinking is not to the taste of the people. In the North of Europe, and even in Switzerland, it is not so. The English, without help from the Irish and Scotch, drink about 600 or 700,000,000 gallons of beer every year, not to speak of the wine, spirits, etc., they take to wash it down withal. There is drunkenness. So you find it in Scandinavia, in Holland, in North-Germany. How do you think the Americans will settle the question? Certainly not by taking merely to water, tea, coffee, etc. We shall have more beer, perhaps, return to the making of cider, and certainly plant vines where they will grow. Drunkenness is such a monstrous and ghastly evil, I would do almost any thing to get rid of it. But I sometimes think we have taken the wrong track. I am glad to see the License law introduced to the New-York Legislature, and think it will do more good than our New-England scheme of prohibition by force."

Rev. Peter Doll, D.D. is writing a Tract for the use of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of North Carolina, controverting this point, and showing that drunkenness prevails even to a greater extent in wine-growing countries.

A Man Who Knows.

The editor of the New York *Herald*, speaking of the different candidates for the Presidency, makes the following allusion to the New York *Express*:

"The remarkable silence of the *Express* may be thus accounted for. It is waiting for the strawberry to be ripe, or perhaps until the deposits in some bank or other increase sufficiently in order to effect a good sale."

As the *Herald* was sold out to the Fremont party in 1856 for a round sum, we presume the editor is prepared to speak to the point.

The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. Volume IX. Hayne—Jersey City. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

As this work gradually approaches completion, our admiration for it increases. It is as it purports to be, a popular dictionary of general knowledge. The articles are all well written, and embrace nearly every topic an enquiring mind would seek after. A richer page of contents we never saw to any book than is given in this volume, and the articles by the best writers the world over. In the one field of biography, we have among the many American names, Hayne, Henry, Hopkins, Houston, Howard, Hull, Hunter, Ingersoll, Ingraham, Iredell, Irving, Ives, Jackson, Jay, Jefferson, &c., by such writers as Simms, Cooke, Wyman, Blake, Baird, Hubbard, Hazewell, Carter, &c. We are pleased to know that this most valuable publication is meeting with an increased sale, and that the publishers are likely to reap a reward, so richly merited, for their enterprising labors. We would not part with the volumes we now have for three times what they cost us; and when the work shall have been completed, it will be hard to estimate its value.

CHILD'S BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY. Illustrating the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms; with application to the arts. By M. M. Carll. A. S. Barnes & Burr, New York.

Messrs. Barnes & Burr are devoting their best energies to the publication of valuable and popular school books. Their various publications are used in more schools than the publications from any other single house. The work now before us, is but another evidence of their aim to leave no effort unimproved to adapt works on every subject to the easy comprehension of children. We commend this new candidate for favor to teachers, and feel satisfied that they will find it a useful book, if once introduced into their classes of smaller children.

EVERETT'S SABBATH CHIMES: or, hymns and tunes for the Sabbath-Schools of the Methodist E. Church, South. By L. C. Everett, author of the "Wesleyan Hymn and Tune Book." Geo. L. Bridgeol, Richmond, Va.

We are indebted to the author for a copy of this work. It is intended especially for the use of Sabbath Schools, and the author's desire has been to make it as complete and unexceptionable as possible in its adaptation to their wants. For general use, the variety of Hymns and Tunes, it is believed, is ample: whilst for special occasions, such as missionary meetings, anniversaries, rural celebrations, monthly concerts, teacher's meetings, infant class exercises, &c., no work of similar dimensions provides more abundantly. Price 25 cents a copy, or $2.40 a dozen, in paper; 30 cents a copy, or $2.8[illegible] dozen in boards.

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE of Foreign Literature, Science and Art. W. H. Bidwell, New York.

The June number is highly interesting in its letter press, and is embellished with a superb steel plate portrait of Count Cavour, the great statesman of Italy, accompanied with an interesting sketch from the London Eclectic Review.

NORTH-CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for May closes the career of the present corps of editors, and we part with them with some regret, for they have certainly re-invigorated the Magazine to an astonishing degree. We feared it had seen its best days, when they were called to its management, but it now gives promise of a long and useful career. Upon succeeding editors will rest the responsibility whether this promise be fulfilled. The May number is embellished with a fine steel engraving of the late Dr. Mitchell, professor in the University of North-Carolina, $2.00 a year.

CATALOGUE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF N. C. The Catalogue numbers 46 pages, embracing much information about the history and operations of the University. The Faculty numbers eighteen Professors and Tutors; the number of matriculates the past year was 330, representing North Carolina 245, Tennessee 29, Louisiana 28, Mississippi 27, Alabama 26, South Carolina 24, Texas, 17, Georgia 14, Virginia 5, Florida 4, Arkansas 2, Kentuckey 2, Missouri 2, California, Iowa, New Mexico, and Ohio each 1.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, or New York Monthly Magazine for June is on our table with its usual full variety of light and solid reading, editors table &c. The Knickerbocker is an old and worthy Magazine and sustains its youthful spirit even in its old age. Price $3.00.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND, conducted by Charles Dickens, and published simultaneously in London and New York, price five cents a weekly part, or 25 cents in monthly part. J. M. Emmerson & Co., New York, publishers.

THE UNION CANDIDATES.

Gen. Scott, it is said, announces himself "in favor of the Constitutional Union nomination at Baltimore."

Great preparations are being made for a Bell and Everett ratification meeting at Boston on the 31st. It is expected to be one of the grandest and most enthusiastic gatherings held in Massachusetts since 1840.

COVETOUSNESS.—We have read of a Spanish general who was so fond of money, that the enemies into whose hands he had fallen tortured and killed him by pouring melted gold down his throat, in mockery of his covetousness. So Satan now often makes money unlawfully acquired the very means of tormenting the miserable beings who have sold their consciences to obtain it.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Night-Elves.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

In the fragrant forest,
When the summer nights are long,
I fancy the fairies
Gather in a smiling throng:
That under some old oak tree
They make their dainty camp,
And light its leafy arches
With many a firefly lamp.

Then as they wait together,
Their queen Titania fair
Gives each a task of labor
Or a message else to bear.
She sends some to the red rose,
To crown her head with gems,
And others to the violets,
To string their long green stems.

No flowret is forgotten,
No leaflet springing low,
As forth the little fairies
On their dainty errands go.
Some in the snowy lily-cups
Are tucked to balmy sleep,
And others on the crimson couch
Of the tulip's chambers deep.

Thus in the fragrant forest
When the summer nights are long
The little fairies gather,
A weird and wondrous throng,
Till the dawning of the morning
Doth disperse the busy train,
To come back with the twilight
To their pleasant haunts again.

Treasures in Heaven.

We read of a philosopher who, passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple yet sage reflection: "How many things there are here that I do not want!" Now, this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes happily through the world. It is richly furnished with what are called *good things*. It has posts of honor and power, to tempt the restless aspirings of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands, for the covetous and ostentatious. It has innumerable bowers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian, whose piety is deep-toned, and whose spiritual perceptions are clear, looks over the world and exclaims: "How much there there that I do not want! I have what is far better. My treasure is in heaven."

Naval Surgeons.

The candidates who were found qualified by the recent Board of Medical Officers, assembled at Philadelphia, for admission into the United States Navy as Assistant Surgeons, are as follows: James E. Lindsay, North Carolina; Henry F. McSherry, Virginia; John J. Gibson, Illinois; Osborne S. Inglehart, Maryland; Samuel J. Jones, Pennsylvania; Robert R. Gibbes, South Carolina; Joseph W. Shively, Ohio.

The session of the Examining Board was unusually long, and the examinations were rigid and searching.

We may, therefore, congratulate the successful applicants, and are pleased to find on the list the name of our worthy young friend and townsman, Dr. James E. Lindsay.

An Insinuation.

The Charleston Courier says:—"There are, we believe, many places of resort and accommodation in the mountain region of North and South Carolina, but we suppose the proprietors would advertise if they desired visitors."

OUR MINISTER TO SPAIN.

The Hon. Wm. Preston, U. S. Minister to Spain, who has for some time since been busily engaged at the State Department consulting with Secretary Cass, and otherwise obtaining information concerning questions in issue between Spain and this country, will probably embark for Madrid from New York, about the middle of July next.

ANOTHER SLAVER CAPTURED.

The bark, William, Capt. Stanley, late of N. York, has been capured off the Isle of Pines, by the U. S. Sloop Wyandotte, and taken into Key West. She had on board 550 negroes.

Key West is becoming quite a home for captured slaves, and the bill of costs foot up immensely against Uncle Sam.

JOHN BROWN'S BIRTHDAY IN CANADA.

The anniversary of the birthday of John Brown was celebrated in Hamilton, on the 9th instant, by the colored population. They assembled in the morning, and preceded by a band, marched in procession through the principal streets.

When you receive a kindness, remember it; when you bestow one, forget it.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE PIC NIC.

Many readers of the *Courier* will be pleased on learning that Palmetto Section Cadets of Temperance, of South Carolina, continues in a flourishing condition, as to members and influence. The May Pic Nic was enjoyed on Saturday 19th inst., at Mount Pleasant. About sixty Cadets assembled at the appointed time, and under direction of the *Worthy Patron*, Saml L. Hammond and assistants, marched through Meeting street into Market street, and to the Mount Pleasant Wharf. Soon after arriving at the marooning grove, the exercises commenced in good earnest, and singing, dancing, talking and general enjoyment, were the order of the day. A good band of music furnished the provocation for dancing.—*Charleston Courier.*

John Arrington committed suicide at Alexandria, Va., on the 18th inst., by shooting himself.

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

IGNORANCE OF COMMON THINGS.

Men are enough ignorant of common things, but the supreme and most undisturbable ignorance of men respects their own nature, and that is surely fundamental ignorance. A man's life, his health, his success and comfort in every walk of life, are materially affected by the condition of his body, and yet, with one exception, there is nothing on earth of which a man is so ignorant as of the conditions of that body. The organization of it, the functions of its organs, the laws of health, are about as much unknown to most people as to savages. To be sure, there is a tendency to development in the direction of instruction in these things, the beginning, the dawn, we hope, of a better day; as yet, however, it is but a tendency.

Boys and girls still learn to read and write, to knit and cipher, which are all very well; but it is more important that children should understand the law of digestion, than it is that they should understand the Rule of Three.—it is more important that a girl should understand the structure of her lungs, the properties of air, and the necessity of exercise therein, than that she should understand painting and music, important as these may be. There are a thousand girls who know how to paint roses on rice paper where there is one who knows how to paint the roses on her own cheeks, where they are surely more handsome. Thus we teach our children geography, we teach them about distant countries, their boundaries, their capitals, their cities, rivers, and mountains. We teach them about the oceans and their contents, of islands, and a thousand other respectable knowlegies, which it is doubtless desirable to learn, but which do not concern our daily affairs, and, with few exceptions, will never enter minutely into the life-work of those who learn them: whereas, their own bodies, the knowledge and control of which will go far to determine the virtue or vice of their lives, are seldom alluded to in the ordinary process of education, except in the most general way.—For although it be true that evil springs from moral causes, it is just as true that it springs from physical causes; it springs from both.—The laws of food, of digestion, of circulation, of secretion—the brains, the lungs, the stomach, and their relations to the natural world, are veiled from the common school. We are taught about the Gulf Stream, but of that great gulf stream in our own bodies, not one word may be said.

But if the physical form is so neglected—the facts of which address themselves to consciousness—the knowledge of which is usually confined to books, what shall be said of the knowledge of the human soul, of which even books are so empty, and those the most empty, usually, which say the most about it? And, yet, such are the relations of mind to philosophy, to religion, to criticism, to social refinement, to the domestic circle, to the individual development, that it may be said that society, the family, and the church must all rest on an empirical basis until a thorough exploration of the human mind shall have given the right elements upon which to build. "The fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil," that grew in the garden, was picked too soon. It hurt the race. All green fruit is unhealthy.

The world must pluck it again, when the ages shall have ripened it. The knowledge of good and evil shall yet bring back to the world that Paradise which its immature state banished. Meanwhile, every one may contribute what little he can to the stock of knowledge respecting mental conditions; and something will be gained worth gaining if attention is directed to this subject, and men begin to notice and reflect upon their own state. The man has learned not a little who has learned how ignorant he is of true knowledge.

TWO GREAT DEFECTS IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

First, the young are allowed to leave school too early. Just as their minds begin to be sufficiently expanded to receive understandingly, and to be capable of intelligent interest, in the truths and teachings of the Bible, they are allowed to absent themselves, or to choose their own manner of spending the time which had before been given to the Sabbath-school. Second, it has become too much the custom of parents to intrust the entire religious training of their children to the Sunday-school teacher, neglecting to give that instruction and impart those lessons to their children at home, which is their highest duty as parents.—*Professor Carlisle.*

TRAINING LIMA BEANS.

A Baltimore correspondent of the Gardener's Monthly says that though the following is but a small hint, yet by it Lima beans may be gathered two weeks before the usual time, and so, perhaps, may be useful. Instead of having long and stout poles only, as is usual, I tie on lateral slender rods with a willow wand, horizontally, and so train the vines, much in fact, as you would do a grape vine. It takes but a few minutes to give my small plot of plants a tendency to run on the lateral poles, and I am well rewarded by their extra earliness. I cannot explain why they should be earlier than when they run on upright poles; but such is the fact, and you may have it for what it is worth.

DELICATE CAKE.

One cupful of sugar, one of sweet milk, one egg, a piece of butter the size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda. Beat the whites and yolks of the eggs separately.

FOR THE TIMES.

Legand of the Lake of Constance.*

Translated from the German of G. Schwab.

BY ELISE VON LINDEN.

A horseman rides through the valley light.
On the snowfield sparkle the sun-rays bright.
He does not heed either wind nor the flake;
To-night he wishes to reach the lake.
The horseman and horse before eventide
Must safely land on the other side.
O'er hilly roads, o'er thorn and stone
He flies on his horse more swiftly on.
From the mountains high to the level land
He sees the snow spread as on seashore's sand;
Out of his sight vanish village and town—
The road is smoother as he comes down.
On the wide expanse no house sees he,
The hills disappear and every tree.
Thus rides he on, though worn and weak,
Hears no voice but the snow-bird's shriek;
The water-hen flits up in the air—
No other sound does reach his ear;
No wanderer he can spy in sight
To show to him the way aright.
On, on, he rides on the soft snowy flake.
"Where roar the waters, the sparkling lake?"
The early evening already is here,
And from afar the lights appear.
Now tree by tree rises up on the space,
And hills enclose the lonely place;
He feels on the bottom the briar and stone.
Gives spurs to his horse and rides swifter on.
He hears the dogs bark as onward he comes,
And thinks with delight of warm village homes.
"I greet thee, fair maiden, quickly tell me
To the lake, to the lake, how far may it be?"
"What is it, Sir Rider, thou askest of me?
The boat lies behind thee, and also the sea;
And if the rind of ice did not cover
The boat, I'd say, in it thou camst over."
The stranger he shuddered and sighed as in pain,
"Oh hither I rode over you snowy plain."
The maiden raises her arms with a cry,
"O'er the lake thou hast ridden, Father on high.
The doors of the gulf, the bottomless pit,
The hoofs of thy steed surely have hit,
And did not the waters roar angry below?
The ice rind not break with a crash and a blow?
And wast thou not given to fishes for food?
What mercy preserved thee?—give praises to God."
The villagers hear of this strange account;
The youths and the matrons come gathering round,
The gray-haired sires, the maidens young—
"Happy, thrice happy, thy journey is done;
Come to the table, come to the fire,
Break with us bread, then play us the lyre."
The rider on his horse grows cold—
He does not heed what they had told;
His heart ceases beating, his hands are chill,
His hair stands erect, his eyes will fill;
In his ear it thunders like cracking of ice,
On his brow a hue-like death does arise;
He groans, and he falls from his horse. The brave
Found on the bank of the lake his grave!

* The Lake of Constance, situated between Germany and Switzerland, is the largest lake in the two countries. It is but very seldom entirely frozen over. The incident which forms the subject of this ballad, is said to have occurred in 1695.

Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE PRIDE OF VIVIAN GRAY.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

CHAPTER XII.

Sickness.

Autumn had deepened to its twilight, and now came the soft, warm Indian summer. Hues like wings of southern birds twinkled in the glowing sunshine. Every gorgeous leaf and branch in the old forest hung lazily in the still air. Shadows fell earlier and blacker upon the green sward. The stars flashed along the pale blue of the horizon one by one, before the good folks left their evening meals—and every day, by so many moments sooner, the clear amber of the western sunset lighted up the ancient face of the century clock at the Oaks.

Philip began to feel discouraged. He had looked anxiously forward to this period, trusting that, with aid from his uncle, he might procure a situation by which he might clothe himself with more respectability, and be able to make choice of a profession, or some post where he could hope for promotion. But no such thing had happened as yet. His uncle cursed all the professions with an emphatic blast, consigning them directly to the very depths of perdition. He told Philip that if he would put his mind down to the actualities of a farmer's life by and by, he should come in possession of all he had, but on no other conditions.

But there came a time in which the old man's views underwent a decided change.

On the very warmest day in August, when the air seemed like the breath of a furnace, old Mat Crowell came home in the middle of the afternoon, and seated himself thoughtfully down, his arms folded across his breast. Dimple was not yet accustomed to all his moods. She saw that he was tired, that his eyes were heavy, and an unnatural glow flushed his bronzed cheeks. The old man seemed peevish and irritable—nor would he leave his seat to sit in Dimple's own rocking chair that she had dragged out from her snug room. He bade her let him alone, and leaning his head back, fell into a fitful slumber. Evening came. A strong, cool wind blew up from the west, still the old farmer slept, his brown face upturned, and the soft, cool but treacherous air gliding in under his loosened neckcloth and fingering the damp, iron-gray locks.

At last he awoke with a start. Dimple had called him. She feared this exposure. The old man opened his eyes, muttered something in a smothered voice, and dropped his head upon his bosom, and it was not without a great effort that Dimple and Philip succeeded in arousing him, that he sprang nervously to his feet. But he held his hands up tremblingly, and swayed from side to side as if under the impulse of some strong fear.

"What have ye put on my feet?" he muttered, "that I can't move 'em. What's come over me? Do you see, boy? is it dark? Is my head on my shoulders? It's colder than January—give me some clothes—there's a noise in my head—I've felt it coming all day—blast the thing—can't I get into the house?"

Dimple and Philip were both alarmed. The hand of the old farmer was like a coal to the touch, and his eyes glared with a singular light. They told him to lean heavily upon them and with difficulty, for he was a great, muscular man, led him to his bed on which he threw himself, weak and helpless as a child.

"I'll make some herb tea for him, and Philip, maybe you'd better go for the doctor," ventured Dimple.

"No—I want no doctor," was the reply. "Let old Mat die a natural death, if he *must* die. I hate the professionals, every mother's son of 'em."

But in spite of herb tea and cold water which he drank profusely, the fever increased, and towards morning the poor old farmer was willing the doctor should be sent for, if the mere lack of a denial, when the matter was proposed, could be interpreted as an assent. But to tell the truth, the old man feared illness, and had a secret confidence in the little doctor's skill. So doctor "Joshway" alighted at the door of the crazy establishment, glad in his heart, if the truth must be told that he had the stern old farmer so completely in his power. Farmer Crowell had given him many a hard rub and defied his nostrums with a savage sort of exultation.

"It looks mighty duberous, mighty duberous," he muttered, depositing his equal little body on the side of the bed. He caught the farmer's sinewy arm as it swung from side to side, and had the satisfaction while in the act of feeling his pulse of receiving its full force in his face. Rebounding from the bed he overthrew the poor little old maid, and both fell helplessly to the floor.

As soon as possible, the doctor helped Dimple up, and stood at arm's length, eyeing his patient with a puzzled face that was laughable from its perplexity.

"I'll tell you what, Mat Crowell, old feller," he at length articulated, "if there's sich a thing in one man's power, I'll take them sperits down in a space of time. Afore I'm done with you, I'll make you confess that there's something in pills and powders. Give us paper;" he said, turning to Dimple with a majestic wave of the hand—"we'll master the fever."

"Blame fevers! blast fevers!" cried the old man at the top of his lungs.

Philip was overcome at the ludicrous character of the scene and could not forbear laughing.

"Boy," said the doctor, with a peculiar oratorical wave of the hand, "the dignity of the profeshuns forbid cackling;" and he set himself to the occupation of writing a recipe. Now the doctor's recipes were the funniest things in the world—nobody but the apothecary, bent almost double with age, understood them. He knew the queer pot-hooks and trammels at a glance—his mixture of bad Latin and worse English, perfectly, and if a bit of ragged paper came to him with

"Thr. d'us tea omnello,
Per cled 'pon diarbates,
DR. JOSH."

he knew just what gilt jars and boxes to pull down, and what ingredients to mix.

Surveying his uneasy patient, whose incoherent exclamations seemed to be a sort of balm for the treatment he had experienced, the doctor proceeded to write after this fashion.

"Ant—pil—pur—6 x ex—ilxer—plex—I—ty. Perdigestion of brain. DOC. JOSH.
(extra flourish.)"

Of course the doctors will not imagine that any reflection is intended. It is but stating a fact, that sometimes even *physicians* will write unintelligibly—and Doctor "Joshway," though not a M. D., and only pretending to know that most abused of the dead languages, knew enough to master almost any disorder that came under his ken. Still, as he said, he only studied water, yards and medicines, and paid some attentions to "lating."

Sending Philip with the recipe, he stationed himself near the head of the bed, and when the paroxysm had somewhat subsided, went through the usual formula of looking at the tongue, eyes and feeling of the pulse.

"It's going to be a heavy run of fever, I'm afraid;" said poor little Dimple, disconsolately, as she stood with folded hands and wo-begone expression—"it's going to be brain fever, ain't it?"

With a gesture of sublime pity for the little woman's lack of medical knowledge, he said, with a hand-flourish,

"My dear madam, you can't tell whether a bridge is safe till you've got to the other end of it. This bids fair to be a contracted and serus illness. It's not the brain fever yet, my dear madam, though the ceberial organs is a leetle affected. Still let us look out for the best—we should allays look for the best, even when we're pretty sure if not certin there never'll be any best. The diagnoses of these symptoms are—"

A growling voice from the bed.

"Nater—ice—and blame your diagnosis."

"My dear sir," said the doctor.

"Don't sir me; I'm old Mat Crowell, Mat Crowell—none the better for you, and don't never expect to be;" and with this polite connection the surly farmer threw himself over against the wall, still muttering about ice and water.

In due time came the medicine, part of which was taken—the rest left with instructions how to use.

The crisis was nearing, and, as the doctor said, there was no "tellin about the futer. Things might turn up better and the mightent; couldn't tell—might unpossible to say what was in the futer." The good elder was frequent in his visits and Philip watched over his uncle with unremitting tenderness.

One day the good minister ventured to speak to him about Philip's future. To his surprise the old man listened calmly, then pulling the elder down with his own weak hands he whispered—"if I die, he may do what he pleases—but—that was all;" the old man's lips closed in the old obstinate way and he would say nothing more. Day after day would the good little doctor come, always answering Dimple's disconsolate queries, with "everything's in the futer. The old man's constitootion is tough as an oak sapling. If he does git well he'll be a monimeat of my skill"—saying which he concluded with his usual wave of the hand.

At last, under the good providence of a higher physician, farmer Crowell was a "monument," and then never could child have been more loving and tender than Philip. He would watch him like a woman, turn his pillow repeatedly to the cool side, smooth his hair back, keep his brow moist, and softly soothe him when he grew impatient, giving him his nourishment, and always hovering over him with a smiling face. In a little time he led him round the room, or adjusted his sick chair—and at last with much persuasion obtained his consent to listen to him when he read.

It was a study to watch the old man at such times. He would avert his face—pretend to sleep, or mutter remarks more or less deprecating. But spite of himself he would grow interested, his ear would be turned cautiously—his eyes sought the face of the reader, and not unfrequently did Philip surprise him with tears in his dark eyes.

"It beats creation how folks can make up such things"—he would mutter, and the boy in his heart determined that he would read him a book of his own sometime.

The old man had changed during his sickness. Even the accustomed "blame it" which he would not or could not relinquish, took a shade of softness, and grew almost medical in his altered voice. He watched Philip eagerly with a close, loving scrutiny.

"Blame it! the boy's overcome;" he murmured one day, "he's his mother's own son, and makes me think of dear little Sissy—the pretty cretur. I'm half ready to let him have his way—he won't make a farmer I can see—and he's soemthin' more 'n common, anyway."

Philip, happening to be outside the door, heard this, and as may be supposed, could scarce contain his joy. At last, through the untiring efforts of the elder, he was placed in a fine situation in a neighboring city—and there we leave him for at least five pleasant years, his sole but never spoken purpose to become worthy of the hand of gentle Mary—the grandchild of Vivian Gray.

CHAPTER XII.

A Wedding in high Life.

O! HOME of luxury! No aching hearts should be curtained by thy soft splendors. Upon thy carpets and hangings of tapestry, tearless eyes should gaze—bright eyes meet the mute glances of marbled beauty in riches and on pedestals. But alas! one finds entrance through lofty portals and under arches of exquisite finish, that yellow gold, potent though it may be, never yet locked out—that real, unbought presence is sorrow.

A very model of elegant boudoirs is the little room in which Beatrice sits. One is charmed by its artistic designs and the elaborateness, yet chasteness of ornament on every hand. To-night—a clear, old night in December, a sparkling coal fire burns blue and crimson, leaping up in jets of flame and diffusing a cheerful warmth through the apartment. The very marble frame with its milk-white roses and tracery of arabesque, enclosing the grate, is lighted up with a soft ruddiness that gives the chiseling almost the tints of life.

Beatrice reclines in a velvet chair with her wealth of ringlets clustering thickly around her beautiful throat. One hand presses her brow tightly, in the other a pen vibrates to the tenor of the thoughts active in her brain. How white and soft and beautiful those hands! no stain of common life has rested on them ever so lightly. How full, yet chaste'y delicate the outlines of that form! And the brow, how large and white all that face, how more than beautiful! how regal!

Vivian Gray, herself, might now feel satisfied with the pride of her grandchild. Beatrice is changed to the stately, almost heartless woman of the world. She makes all circumstances and conditions bend to the humors of her caprice. Power has spoiled her. The tenderness that made her kin to Mary, has gone from her heart save what she cherished for her gentle cousin whom she really loves.

To night she is not happy. Fragrance of flowers fills the sense. Her table inlaid with ivory is a jem of arts—the stand for ink and pens wrought in wreaths of silver and gold. Mirrors are panelled in the wall and move as she will within her own radiant though sorrowful face is reflected. Curious little lamps shaded with tinted and elaborately cut glass stand on mantel and table. Her own paintings in broad frames of gold, line the sides of the room. Here upon the altar of refinement beauty and wealth offer her their choicest increase. And yet she is not happy.

She has this day decided between two suitors—a nobleman by nature and a noble-man by birth. The former she rejected against every better impulse of her soul, and Lord John Hartley a real scion of grafted greatness (as any one might tell by looking over his family tree) is to night the accepted suitor for the hand of the most beautiful woman in her native city.

Her pen moves rapidly upon the spotless paper before her—and just at this moment we will peep over her shoulder.

"Lord John is devoted to me—his family is noted for its high toned morality. My foster parents became intimate with the Hardleys on the score of some distant consanguinity of blood—that much for the reason of Lord John's sojourn among us.

"Poor L. M.—received his dismission to day Of the two he is ——— (here followed some erasures) but I will keep this to myself and trouble no one. You however knew my preferences, dear Mary—what will you think of me? But L. M. is only moderately wealthy—and———in fine I feel it is my destiny to live in Europe. Do you remember my prophesy?"

———

"To be married so soon—and to an English nobleman!" murmured Mary, quite startled, and allowing the letter to fall from her hands.

Vivian Gray laid by frill she was plaiting, and lifted her gold-bowed spectacles. The old fire shone undimmed in her eyes—her bowed form regained its stateliness.

"And why not?" she asked, proudly. Beatrice is as worthy as he—for *my* ancesters were Lords and Ladies. Blessed darling! how well she will become her station. I always knew—I always felt my Beatrice would wel worthy of herself—thank God!"

Impious aspiration! she knew not what she thanked God for.

Many sat pressing her curling locks from a fair brow. Her eyes were fastened thoughtfully upon the letter. Angelic girl! she was but little aware of her surpassing loveliness—all unconscious of the magnetism that drew all hearts towards her. But the charm dwelt not in that blue eye so full and pensive—or the ripe, round lips—the soft complexion and delicacy of form. Where was the subtle influence none could tell. Had she been a coquettee exposed to the fickle worship of fashion she might have played with hearts and won a thousand. Had she been taken from the homely parlor which owed it to her and the charming melodies of her harp that strangers thought it beautiful—and placed in her cousin's home of luxury, she would have proved a powerful rival.

As she sat there, unheeding her grandmother's jubilate, her heart failed her as she thought of the immeasurable distance that might soon make her cousin and herself almost as strangers. And yet her pulses leaped indignant—her cheek flushed as she reverted to one paragraph in her cousin's letter—

"When did you see your gawky little lover, last? How often I have laughed over his monkeyish aspirations!"

"Gawky! monkeyish!" the words stung her. Nearly a year had passed since she had seen Philip, yet when she thought of his noble face, his beautiful eyes—he seemed immeasurably above the throngs that followed Beatrice, she blushed for her cousin's meagre appreciation.

Rather singularly, it seemed, Philip returned that day. Nobody expected him. Dimple (her little round face proving her right to the cognomen) spied him from a distance, and with thumb and finger pressing the suds from her red arms, she ran to meet him, declaring that she didn't know how she *should* keep from hugging him if he *had* grown into a tall, fine gentleman. His uncle, too, greeted him with a long, coarse but feeling welcome in which he referred to his boy's doings in the literary world—the elder's praises, his own pride in his genius, his poor mother—his genteel appearance, and ended with an emphatic,

"Blast it! I say it beats water!"

Philip gave his uncle due praise for his kindness, and astonished him with stories of his city home. He had obtained a good situation that paid well and found sufficient leisure to follow his literary pursuits.

"That's a fine thing, Philip, as far as I see into it—now I suppose you'll go straight up to old lady Gray's. Can't outwit old Mat if he is a bachelor. Mary is a jewel of a girl—none o' that mean pride about her. How she can be a granddarter of old Vivian Gray is past *my* comprehension?"

Philip blushed—but even as his heart leaped with joy at the sound of the name he loved—his pleasure was mixed with alloy. He was a thinking man, now; he had learned the high (though false) estimate put upon honorable birth even in America. Could he, the son of a suicide, whose name had been bruited far and wide—could he hope to win the hand of a Gray? (Mary had taken her grandmother's name.)

Philip had known the rejected lover of Beatrice—had boarded at the same house—slept in the room adjoining. For three nights he knew that poor M——— had not sought his couch. He could hear his tramp, tramp through the still watches of the night. He saw that deep lines were drawn across his forehead—the dimness of his dark eyes. From these unmistakable signs he read that his friend had been rejected. One morning he sat by his side at the breakfast table. M. opened a paper—started, gasped—and flinging by the sheet he staggered to the sideboard for water. Then after a momentary pause in which to summon up his resolution, he walked slowly out of the house, and Philip had not seen him since. But he pitied him, when, casting his eyes further down the column, he read the following:

"It is understood that Lord John Hartley now in this city, will carry with him to Europe a beautiful American, the fair and wealthy ward of one of our most prominent citizens."

He knew all them—his soul was in sorrow for the sorrow of his noble young friend. And if he, a man of distinction, already, and of a highly respectable family was considered unworthy to mate with this proud girl, what would Vivian Gray think of his own audacity in asking for her grandchild?

He determined, however to call upon Mary, come what would.

Mary sat alone in her own little chamber. I will not say of whom she was thinking. From the half opened blinds she saw him. She started to her feet—the blood rushed to her heart and back with a strong propulsion through every fibre of her body. She was frightened at her own emotions—alarmed that she trembled so—frightened at the beating of her heart and the strong thrill that set her pulses throbbing, that flushed even her throat and brow.

Her grandmother sat sleeping a few steps off in her easy chair. Mary knew not whether to waken her or let her sleep on—and yet she dreaded to meet him alone. A tap at the door. Mary moved slowly down stairs gathering composure and opened the door with an effort.

Dear little Mary! she was so innocent so guileless of all attempt to conceal her true nature, that when that sparkling face and outstretched hand met her view she exclaimed, out of the hearty honestness of her soul, forgetful of her position, and carried beyond cool calculation by her gush of feeling,

"O! Philip—I'm so glad you've come!"

Her color went and come; her hand trembled in his grasp.

If Philip saw all this he pretended he did not. Too honorable to take advantage of her innocent confusion—though he could have clasped her to his bosom and breathed out a love as pure as that of an angel (for in truth his mind was as a clean temple) he simply held her hand and led her, rather than was led by her, into the parlor. There by his genial converse he dispelled even the shadow of embarassment. She played her harp and sang to him, while he, wrapped in sweet dreams, leaned his head back and with inward vision saw what would make his home better than a palace, with Mary, its guardian angel setting all his beautiful thoughts to music.

A voice, low, cold, thrilling, dispelled the illusion. Vivian Gray had entered.

"So you are home again, young man;" she said, quietly, advancing with her usual slow step, and lifting her head a little. He arose but did not hold out his hand, for Vivian Gray, with a slight gesture she might not have premeditated, repelled him, and he seated himself again, an unaccountable aversion rankling in his bosom towards this proud old woman. Throughout the evening, Vivian Gray wore her old humor. She was coldly formal, reply often only by a look or a bend of the brow—asked him, purposely, if he would speak to his uncle about her winter potatoes, and Philip, biting his lips to prevent a smile, assured her that he would bear it in mind. It annoyed the rigid old lady that he proved himself her equal in icy politeness.

But Philip was vexed on asking Mary to sing to find that Mrs. Vivian did not intend to allow it. Mary had suffered of late from nervousness, she said, and too much singing injured her. She had played and sang too much lately.

Mary, like an obedient child, put her harp aside, though her bright eyes protested. Where only herself was concerned, she was a coward, but when her friends were insulted, she stood up bravely for them. And she would have resented this slight put upon Philip, only Vivian Gray was old—too old to cherish a pride so vindictive—old enough to be thinking of heaven and not of earth—and because she was old, Mary held her peace.

So Philip took his leave—and Mary, as she retired to rest, shed some tears.

Had it not been for a look at parting in which she read his heart (she could not mistake the love) her own heart would have been almost broken.

The months passed, and Beatrice, now wedded, had gone to England where, in one of the chief cities, she was the subject of delighted comment. More beautiful than ever, she had seemed at that grand wedding, while Mary, with her sweet English loveliness heightened by the splendor of her attire, scarce moved, but what scores of eyes were held in abeyance. Vivian Gray listened with a throb of gratified ambition to the unnumberless comments upon her peerless grandchildren—for none spoke but to praise them.

But it was all over, the grand wedding—the second and more painful parting. Beatrice had gone, never, perhaps to return, and the only solace left to those who had lost her, was to laud her virtues and make great boasts of their daughter *lady* Hartley. Soon after, at the earnest request of her brother, Vivian Gray moved to his city home with Mary. Again were the doors of the palace-house, from which Beatrice had departed, thrown wide—again did crowds gather to admire, to love this sweet orphan, whose charms seemed irresistible. The fame of her voice spread everywhere. Hundreds hung entranced upon its lightest strains. As she sat, the centre of a brilliant throng, her embroidered sleeves thrown back from her full, white arms, her fingers flashing over the silver chords, her rapt face, with its holy eyes of blue, shining as if inspired, one heart there—one manly form with bosom high-swelling and arms proudly folded—*knew* that the treasure millions could not purchase, was his own. His was that true heart; to him were the smiles (denied to all others) freely given; in his hand, the little hand eliciting such sweet strains, had been often placed of its own sweet will. He knew that the heart of Mary was his, notwithstanding she had learned all his previous history.

To Vivian Gray, the fact of the young man's visits was a trial which she declared would kill her yet. Mary might choose from the choicest of the land. But Mary was in earnest and defended Philip with all the warmth of her loving, noble nature. She declared, quietly, and not without a little of the proud old woman's spirit that whenever he asked her, (as she expected he would some day) to marry him—she would go with whom she loved although she well knew she had nothing to look forward to but a home in a little cottage, and a true heart for her dowry.

One night Vivian Gray on her way to her own room overheard Philip saying in low, passionate tones—

"Then you will be my wife, Mary. God knows I love you, have always loved you dearer than life. I cannot talk as in imagination I often have, over this sweet assurance. An unutterable calmness, a holy rapture of feeling has taken possession of my soul. I am a better man this moment than I have ever been, and God knows I have striven to measure my life by his word. Mary, my good angel, can it be that you will leave all this splendor and follow me?"

And a low voice spoke, saying,

"I will."

Language is powerless to portray the storm of emotion that shook the form of that proud old woman who stood writhing, but a few paces from the lovers, shut in by a slight partition.

"She shall never marry that man, never! I, a Gray, have said it. I will shame her to death, first—she, too, shall tell *her* story. Then see him wed her. I would rather her path should be barren and lonely through life. She is in my hands. She is my child—*never* shall she marry the son of a suicide—never!"

All the day following Vivian Gray sat alone in the room that Beatrice had called her study. At her inlaid ebony table she had drawn up the chair of her favorite, and with the same pen in her withered fingers, that Beatrice had often used, she was laboriously filling a sheet of pure white paper with cramped and ancient characters. Again and again were the gold bowed spectacles adjusted; untiringly on she went, though to her who had scarcely used a pen for years, except for a trifling note or receipt, it must have been a task of no small magnitude. Only once she went below stairs, and made her appearance at the dinner table. There her bearing was so peculiar that, as her sister-in-law remarked, the very crimps in her cap were an air of injured and indignant pride, and added, "I wonder what we have been innocently doing to offend her?"

The letter was finished at last—directed to London, to Lady Hartley, and a servant was secretly sent with the missive and a large fee for his trouble. On the same evening Mary acquainted her grandmother with her decision. She did not mark the pallor that settled round the thin, blue lips—or the fire that flashed out from the still undimmed eye. She only thought it strange that her grandmother had consented so readily—saying—

"I wish you would wait till next winter."

"Certainly I will;" said Mary. "We did not think of it for a year."

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT TORNADO AT THE WEST.

The Cincinnati papers of Wednesday are filled with accounts of the storm which visited that section of country on Monday. It is supposed to have extended from Louisville to Marietta, following the course of the river. The damage done is estimated at $1,000,000.—All the towns and villages on the river above Cincinnati have suffered severely. Thirty six pairs of coal boats, with 900,000 bushels of coal, are known to have sunk, and it is feared that nearly 100 lives are lost.

All the steamboats on the river are more or less injured. At Louisville and New Albany the storm was not so disastrous, but a great many houses were unroofed and trees and fences blown down. At Louisville two lives lost, and a number of coal boats sunk.

At Carthage, Ohio, the lunatic asylum suffered a damage of $15,000. Gov. Corwin's residence, at Lebanon, Ohio, was unroofed. At Chillicothe the engine-house of the Marietta and Cincinnati railroad was unroofed, and F. Garrity, a fireman, killed. Loss to the road $4,000. At Greenfield, Ohio, the Methodist church suffered a damage of $6,000, and the Catholic church $300. Dwellings, barns, whole forests of heavy timber, valuable for miles — During the storm the waves in the Ohio river ran very high, and coal, salt and produce boats were sunk in great numbers. The coal alone lost is valued at $75,000. The *Gazette* says:

The storm, as it passed Cincinnati, must have been at least forty miles in breadth, having reached Independence, Ky., on the South, and Preble county, Ohio, on the North. The velocity with which this tornado traveled may be estimated from the fact that it was only about two hours in going from Louisville to Portsmouth, a distance by an air line 160 miles. When it is borne in mind that this tornado pursued the sinuosities of the river, it will be seen that its speed must have been immensely beyond that of the fastest locomotive ever run.

The Louisville papers say the tornado passed over that city also on Monday after-noon, and was the most violent ever known. It was accompanied with lightning, rain and hail, unroofing houses, uprooting trees and doing other damage. Two men were killed and several wounded. On the river a fleet of coal boats was sunk and a number of steamboats damaged and wrecked. The storm was from the Northwest.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

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P. S.—Subscribers receiving their paper with a cross-mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

Drought in the West.

We are informed by a gentleman from Kansas that there is a distressing drought throughout all that territory, no rain having fallen in ninety days.

The Navy Pay Bill

The bill increasing the pay of Officers in the Navy, Surgeons, Engineers, Chaplains and others, passed the Senate on Wednesday of last week, having previously passed the House on Monday. It is substantially the same as the original Senate bill, and increases the pay of Naval Officers about one-fourth.

Tornado in the West.

A terrible tornado passed over Cincinnati on the 21st, doing immense damage both in property and life. A city paper says:

Suddenly the heavens grew black; the day dark, almost, as night; the clouds of dust arose in the streets; awnings were torn; signs, shutters and trees blown to the ground; consternation seized the promenaders, who rushed to the nearest shelter, some of them with the belief that the final destruction of the planet was at hand; the rain fell in torrents from a sky ever and anon livid with electric fire; the streets were deserted, and, in the short space of half an hour, many of them had been made impassable by the ruins of the very things which had most tended to render them beautiful. The general course of the storm was toward the Northeast, although at times it partook of the nature of a whirlwind. Swift currents of air seemed occasionally to intersect at right angles the main body, as it were, when anything in its way would be immediately torn from its position. There is scarcely a street in the city that does not bear witness to the fury of the storm.

It is supposed to have extended from Louisville to Marietta, following the course of the river. The damages done are estimated at $1,000,000. All the towns and villages on the river above this have suffered severely. Thirty-six pairs of coal boats are known to have sunk, and over one hundred lives are lost. All the steamboats on the river are more or less injured. At Louisville and New Albany the storm was not so disastrous as in this vicinity, but a great many houses are unroofed, and trees and fences blown down.

Edgeworth Female Seminary.

The interesting exercises connected with the annual examination of this Seminary, were held last week, commencing on Tuesday, with the public examination of the following classes.

1st. The first class in Modern Geography, by Miss Miller.
Music by Misses Finley & Hines.

2nd. The second class in Arithmetic, by Prof. Sterling.
Music by Misses McLaughlin & Williams.

3rd. The Senior class on Geology, by Prof. Campbell.
Music by Misses Huggins & Holt.

4th. The Junior class on Mental Science, by Prof. Campbell.
Music by Misses Avery & Erwin.

AFTERNOON

1st. Junior class on French by Prof. Maurice.
Music by Misses A. Gorrell & Warters.

2nd. Senior class on Moral Science by Prof. Sterling.
Music on the Harp by Miss Huggins.

3rd. Second class in Algebra by Prof. Campbell.
Music by Misses Atkinson & Shepard.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

To the number of visitors in attendance on yesterday, were added quite a number to-day. The exercises commenced with the examinations.

1st. Second class in Physiology by Prof. Sterling.
Music by Misses Hunter, Warters and A. Gorrell.

2nd. Senior class on Modern History by Prof. Maurice.
Music by Misses McLean & Shackelford.

3rd. Junior class on Geometry and Trigonometry by Prof. Campbell. (This class, numbering thirty-five, consumed the time allotted to it, and that also assigned to the Senior class in French, which was consequently omitted.)
Music by Misses Huggins & Ellington.

AFTERNOON.

1st. Second class in Physical Geography by Prof. Maurice.
Music by Misses Gaither & Kelly.

2nd. Senior class in Natural Philosophy (Mechanics) by Prof. Sterling.
Music by Miss Avery.

3rd. Junior class on Astronomy by Prof. Campbell.
Music by Misses Gregg & McKenley.

EVENING.

To enjoy the entertainment of the annual concert, the hall was densely packed with ladies and gentlemen. It opened with the beautiful Overture to Martha, by Misses M. Avery, L. Ellington, S. Scales, S. Sherard and Prof. Maurice.

The other ladies participating in the concert were Misses Bettie Gregg, Mary Arendell, P. Huggins, Sue Scales, Alice Isbell, Jennie Calvert, Mary Morehead, L. Erwin, L. Shepard, M. Atkinson, M. Bessent, F. McLean, and Dora Shackelford. The programme embraced twenty-six pieces.

THURSDAY MORNING.

The examinations opened this morning with,

1st. Junior class on Chemistry. Prof. Sterling.
Music by Misses Covington & N. Sterling.

2nd. Senior class on Constitution of the United States, Prof. Campbell.
Music by Misses Arendell & Calvert.

At eleven o'clock, it was expected that Victor C. Barringer, Esq., would deliver the literary address, and a very large audience had assembled, when a note was received by the 10 o' clock train from Mr. Barringer, stating that it was out of his power to be present. That the audience should not be wholly disappointed, Prof. Sterling devoted the hour to the presentation of the prizes of the Institution to such young ladies as had won them.

Silver Goblets were awarded to the following members of the Junior class, having no demerit and the average scholarship exceeding 9½:

Miss Mary B. Arendell,
" Maggie E. Bessent,
" Jennie C. Calvert,
" Jane L. Dibble,
" E. Henrietta Erwin,
" Julia E. Foster,
" Persis S. Harper,
" Sophy P. Hunter,
" Sarah E. Kelly,
" Fannie Miller,
" Julia J. Mitchell,
" Sallie M. Sherard.

The following members of the same class would have been entitled to prizes had they been in the institution the whole year:

Miss Susan R. Booker,
" Willie A. Daniel,
" Mattie E. Hiatt,
" M. Alice Isbell.

Silver Cups were awarded to the following members of the second class, on same condition with Junior class of no demerits, and an average scholarship of 9½:

Miss Lucie Eborn,
" Annie E. Gorrell,
" Jannett McDougald,
" Henrietta Rankin,
" Susan B. Scales,
" Anna E. Hiatt.

Miss E. Douthit—for untiring industry and unexceptionable deportment.

The following would have received premiums if they had been in Edgeworth the whole year.

Miss Lizzie Aderhold,
" Jennie Daniel,
" Mary E. Harrington,
" Sallie Cromwell,
" Laura Knight,
" Carrie Covington,
" Annie McNeill.

At this stage in the proceedings quite a surprise was made upon Prof. Sterling, Ex Gov. Morehead arising and presenting him in the name of the Senior class, with a large and beautiful silver salver, as a token of their love and esteem. The present wrought upon Mr Sterling's feelings to such an extent as to almost exclude any words of reply.

GRADUATING EXERCISES.

Thursday night was devoted to the graduating exercises of the Senior class. A very hard rain falling just at night, the Chapel was not so full as the night before. The programme exhibits the following names, with the subjects of their respective compositions; only a portion of the compositions, however, were read.

"My School Days are Ended," Miss Ann McNeill, Cumberland.

"Dreams of Youth," Miss Fannie L. McLean, Summerville.

"Memory Dwells on By-gone Days," Miss Marietta L. McLaughlin, Rowan.

"The Ruins of Time," Miss Laura W. Erwin, Morganton.

"Thou hast a Charmed Cup, O! Fame," Miss Pauline C. Huggins, Onslow.

"My Boat is by the Shore," Miss Mary E. Gorrell, Greensboro.

"Our Country," Miss Susan J. Scales, Rockingham.

"All Nature teems with Beauty," Miss Victoria H. Russ, Bladen.

"Reflection is a Flower of the Mind, giving out Wholesome Fragrance," Miss Mary E. Holt, Alamance.

"We were not Born for Ourselves Alone," Miss Leonora V. Cunningham, Guilford.

"The Old North State," Miss Mary E. Atkinson, Johnston.

"When shall we all Meet Again," Miss Adeline W. Johnston, Yanceyville.

"Know Thyself," Miss Martha M. Avery, Morganton.

"To-morrow is the Lamp upon the Marsh, which the Traveler never Reaches," Miss Mary H. Morehead, Greensboro.

"Gone," Miss M. Shackelford, Sumpter, Ala.

The composition reading was appropriately interspersed with music. Prof. Sterling conferred the Diplomas, and with them, Gold Medals were presented to the following members of the Graduating class, whose average scholarship exceeded 9¾, and had passed through the year without demerits:

Miss Ann McNeill,
" Marietta L. McLaughlin,
" Pauline C. Huggins,
" Susan J. Scales,
" Mary E. Holt,
" Mary E. Atkinson,
" Martha M. Avery,
" Mary H. Morehead,
" Medora Shackelford.

Miss Annabella Williams would have received a similar distinction, if she had been in the institution the whole year.

Prof. Sterling's farewell address to the Graduating class was appropriate to the occasion, and delivered with much feeling for the future happiness of those who had been trained under his care.

The exercises concluded with solo and chorus, The School Girl's Farewell.

Hon. Wm. S. Ashe, in a letter in the Wilmington papers, declines to be a candidate for re-election to the legislature of North Carolina.

It is reported that Senator Seward will not return to Washington, but will resign his seat in the Senate.

Mr. Seward in a reply to the report, says he will be able to resume his seat the first of June.

MARRIED.

In Pittsboro, on the 17th May Col. Henry A. London to Miss Catharine S., daughter of the late Duncan Moore.

In Wilmington, on the 23d May, Mr. Wm. J. Corbett, to Miss Helen V. Lain, of Fayetteville.

DIED.

In Washington City, on the 18th May, Mrs. Altona F. wife of John Wilder Cameron, Esq., formerly of Fayetteville, and second daughter of the late Weston R. Gales, of Raleigh.

In Chatham county, on the 5th May, Mrs. Ann, relict of Robert Palmer, sr.: aged 70 years.

In Columbia, Randolph county, on the 16th May, Mrs. Mary H., wife of James Whitehead: aged about 25 years

In Wilmington, on the 21st May, Mr. Lewis H. Pierce: aged 40 years.

In Moore county, on the 8th April, Mr. Hugh Keith: aged 88 years.

In Wilmington, on the 12th May, Mrs. Boyd, native of Leith, Edinburgshire, relict of Mr. James Boyd, late master H. B. M. service.

In LaGrange, Tenn., on the 17th May, James London, youngest child of Rev. Thomas and Mary H. Wright, formerly of Wilmington.

In New Albany, Miss., on the 24th January last, Mr. Alexander Morgan: born at Old Henderson, Montgomery county, on the 18th June, 1809. At the same place, on the 11th April, Mrs. Elizabeth A., relict of A. Morgan: aged 31 years. At the same place, on the 17th April, Nancy C., eldest and only daughter of A. and E. A. Morgan, dec'd. At the same place, on the 21st April, John Caldwell Calhoun, third son of A. and E. A. Morgan, dec'd: aged 5 years. At the same place, on the 24th April, Jerome Clay, second son of A. and E. A. Morgan, dec'd: aged 10 years.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Cole.

MAY 30.

Bacon 12@13c, beef 5@6c, beeswax 25c, butter 15c, coffee 10@12c, candles, tallow 2@2½c, and mantine 25@30c, sperm 37½c, corn 100c, meal 100c, chickens 10@15c, eggs 8c, feathers 50c, flour $5@6, flaxseed 80c, hides, green 4c, dried 10c, hay 60c, lard 12½@15c, molasses 40c, nails 5½@6½c, oats 40@50c, peas, yellow 90c, white 81; pork 8@8, rags 2½@3c, rice 7c, salt $2 25@2 50, sugar, brown 10@12½c, loaf 15c, crushed 15c, clarified 14c; tallow 12½@15c, wheat 1.10@1.20.

Norfolk Market.

Reviewed weekly, by Rowland & Bros., Com. Merchants.

MAY 24.

Flour—Family 7.00, Extra 6.50, Superfine 6.00. Receipts fair, with increasing stock on a very dull market. Sales limited and confined to those for consumption.

Wheat—Red and White 1.30@1.50.

Corn—Mixed 68@72c, White 75c, Yellow 71c. Arrivals are fair. We reduce our quotations. The article to-day is dull and moves slowly.

Peas—B Eye 1.30. In small supply, and enquired for.

Dried Fruits—Apples 1.00@1.10; Peaches ℔ bu, 40 lbs. 3.50@4.00 for peeled, 2.00@2.50 for unpeeled. Nothing doing in them. They are very dull.

Cotton—7@11. Stock in market reduced, and mostly stained.

Flaxseed—1.27@1.30.

Bacon—Western Shoulders 9c, Sides 11c.

Beeswax—30@32c.

Staves—Red Oak, hhd. $32, White hhd. $42, heading $58 hhd. $28. In demand, and sell on arrival.

Wilmington Market.

MAY 28.

Turpentine—New Virgin 2.75, Yellow Dip 2.60, Hard 1.55.

Spirits Turpentine—41c ℔ gallon.

Tar—1.80 ℔ bbl.

Rosin—Pale 3.25 ℔ 280 lbs.

Flour—Superfine 7.25.

Petersburg Market.

MAY 18.

Wheat—Prime White 1.55 Corn—Prime 80c. N. C. lard—11½@12. Oats—Common 50@55; good see 57@60.

New York Market.

MAY 25.

Wheat—Southern White 1.55@1.60. Corn—Mixed 68, Yellow 71. Spirits Turpentine—45@46. Rosin—1.52½@1.53½.

New Orleans Market.

MAY 23.

Cotton—Sales yesterday and to-day of 10,000 bales at 10½@11c. for Mipdling.

Mobile Market.

MAY 23.

Cotton—Sales to-day of 3,000 bales at 10½@11½c. Receipts 2,150.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ONE QUARTER OF ALL OUR PEOPLE ARE Scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alterative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in AYER'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA, the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this everywhere prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedials that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eruptive and Skin Diseases, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose, or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blotches, Blains and Boils, Tumors, Tetter and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Rheumatism, Syphilitic and Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Debility, and, indeed, all complaints arising from vitiated or impure blood. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Prepared by J. C AYER, Lowell, Mass. Sold by PORTER & GORRELL, and all druggists and merchants. je2-2m

MASONIC.—On the first Saturday in June, (the 2d day,) at 3 o'clock, P. M., the regular annual election of officers for Greensboro Lodge, No. 76, will be held.. may26-2t JOHN F. HOWLETT, Master.

THE SEA SIDE.—The subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has again opened his House at Wrightsville, and is prepared to accommodate all who wish to enjoy the benefits and pleasures of the Sea Shore. m26-4t R. H. GRANT.

Guilford Candidate.

FOR SHERIFF.—We are authorized to announce C. A. BOON a candidate for reelection to the office of Sheriff for the county of Guilford.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TIMES *has an increasing circulation throughout the South and Southwest, and is an excellent medium for advertising. A few select advertisements only will be admitted, at ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. In favor of advertisers standing six or twelve months, a deduction of 50 per cent will be made. Advertisers not specifying the number of insertions, the advertisement will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly. Special Notices will be charged 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.*

PROSPECTUS OF THE BLUE RIDGE HERALD.—On or about the 1st of July 1860, will issue a weekly literary, Political and Family Newspaper, with the above title.

THE HERALD will be devoted to literature, science, politics, morality, agriculture and general intelligence. It shall be our aim to make it independent in all things—neutral in none. In politics we shall adhere unconditionally to no party or faction, but shall advocate State-Rights and a Southern Confederacy with whatever ability we possess. We shall endeavor to make our paper of interest to the general readeras well as to those of our local friends who may favor us with their patronage; and will devote especial labor to the internal progress and general prosperity of our "Mountain District." With extravagant promises for the usefulness and benefits of the Herald, we trust it may equal any weekly of the State in literary efforts after the promotion of the general welfare and well being of society.

WARREN R. MARSHALL, formerly editor of the "Walhalla Banner," will assume the editorial charge of the political and general intelligence departments, and FLETCHER SMITH of the literary, moral and agricultural departments.

In order to bring the Herald within the reach of all who may desire it, we have determined to furnish it at $1.50 per annum, to be paid in advance, invariably. Persons wishing to subscribe, will please address,

MARSHALL & SMITH,
June2-tf Walhalla, S.C.

"Not dangerous to the Human Family."
"Rats come out of their holes to die."

VERMIN.—"COSTAR'S" "COSTAR'S" Rat, Roach, &c., Exterminator. "COSTAR'S" "COSTAR'S" Peddling Exterminator. "COSTAR'S" "COSTAR'S" Electric Powder, for Insects, &c. DESTROYS INSTANTLY Rats—Roaches—Mice—Moles—Ground Mice—Bed-bugs—Ants—Mosquitoes—Fleas—Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c., &c.—In short, every form and species of VERMIN.

10 Years established in New York *City*—used by the City Postoffice—the City Prisons and Station Houses—the City Steamers, Ships, &c.—the City Hotels, "Astor," "St. Nicholas," &c.—and by more than 20,000 private families.

Druggists and Retailers everywhere sell them. Wholesale Agents in all the large Cities and Towns.

BEWARE!!! of spurious imitations.

$1.00 Sample Boxes sent by Mail.

Address orders—or for "Circular to Dealers" to HENRY R. COSTAR, Principal Depot, 372 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel, N. Y.

Sold in Greensboro at the Drug Store, by may26-3m PORTER & GORRELL.

L. DRUCKER, J. HEILBRUN, D. A. WHITE.

NEW CASH STORE.—The old and well-known establishment of DRUCKER & HEILBRUN in Charlotte, have opened a branch of their establishment in Greensboro, under the name and style of HEILBRUN, DRUCKER & CO., and have opened an entirely new stock of goods, consisting of

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES, BOOTS, HARDWARE, GROCERIES, &c., &c.;

all of which we will sell at greatly less prices than they have been sold for heretofore, and we therefore invite the attention of all those wishing to purchase to our stock of goods. We have taken a part of the house occupied by the widow Adams, between McAden's corner and Caldwell's corner, where all are solicited to give us a call.

may19-3m DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & CO.

1860.....SPRING STOCK.....1860

WHOLESALE CONFECTIONERY

The subscriber has received, and begs to call the attention of wholesale dealers to his splendid stock of Confectioneries, Fruits, Nuts, Fancy Goods, Pickles, Preserves, Brandy Peaches, Cordials, Syrups, Sardines, Soda, Nutmegs, Scotch Ale, London Porter, Matches, Blacking, Perfumery, Soaps, Playing Cards, Baskets, Musical Instruments, Toys, Matches, Porte Monnaies, &c., &c., &c. Also, a large variety of Notions, usually to be found in similar establishments. New arrivals of Choice Fruits, Nuts, &c., tri-weekly, from Baltimore and New York.

Orders solicited, and promptly and faithfully executed.

A. BETTS, Jr.,
(Successor to S. H. Mabie)
march24-1y No. 82 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

INDIA-RUBBER BELTS.—I intend to keep constantly on hand India-Rubber Belts of all sizes, and at the following prices:

2 inch 3 ply	12½ cents per foot
2½ inch 3 ply	15 cents per foot
3 inch 3 ply	17 cents per foot
4 inch 3 ply	22 cents per foot
5 inch 3 ply	27 cents per foot
6 inch 3 ply	32 cents per foot
7 inch 3 ply	38 cents per foot
8 inch 3 ply	42 cents per foot
10 inch 3 ply	60 cents per foot
12 inch 3 ply	72 cents per foot

tf J. B. F. BOONE

1860. SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS. 1860.

A. WEATHERLY begs leave to inform his numerous patrons and the public generally, that he has received his stock of spring and summer Rich and Fashionable DRY GOODS, to the inspection of which he invites the public. Our Ladies' Dress Goods consists of a full, complete and fashionable assortment of all kinds of Dress Goods now in market, and a variety of Fancy Articles too numerous to mention. Hoop Skirts, Ready Made Clothing, a good assortment of Boots and Shoes of the latest and best styles. Also, an assortment of Groceries and Hardware.

As goods are generally cheap this spring, we hope to give satisfaction to all who may call. mch24-tf

DOUBLE REFINED STEAM CANDIES.—My factory is now complete, and by far the largest establishment of the kind south of Philadelphia, which enables me to offer to the trade of VIRGINIA, NORTH CAROLINA, and TENNESSEE. An article of city made Steam Refined Crushed Sugar Candy. Warranted to stand in any climate. Much below the Northern price for an article of like standard.

LOUIS J. BOSSIEUX,
mrh31-6m No. 80 Main st., Richmond, Va.

DRUGS, &c.—PORTER & GORRELL are now receiving the largest stock of DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, &c., ever offered in this market. One of the firm has just returned from the Northern markets, where he has been for several weeks, selecting with extreme care every article pertaining to the business. We specially invite the attention of physicians to our unusually heavy stock and splendid assortment. We feel confidant that we can fill their orders with such an excellent quality of Drugs and on such liberal terms as to give entire satisfaction. mh5

$100 PER MONTH!—Any young man can make One Hundred Dollars in one month, with Tools for cutting Stencil Plates for marking clothes, books, &c.; which tools I will furnish for $10. Try it. All money at my risk, if registered. Address, JUSTIN S. CRESSY,
may19-6m Drawer 23, Hillsdale, Michigan.

AT COST FOR CASH.—The subscriber having bought the entire interest of J. A AMIS in the firm of COLE & AMIS, now offers his entire stock of DRY GOODS at cost for cash.

feb11-tf B. L. COLE

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The firm of COLE & AMIS is this day dissolved by mutual consent. February 1st, 1860.

feb11-tf COLE & AMIS.

Miscellaneous News Items.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE AFRICANS?

The unfortunate wretches lately re-captured from the slavers and taken to Key West, are said to desire nothing so little as to be returned to the land of slaves from which they were taken, and where they are at all times in danger of being again seized by the native chiefs and once more shipped on board long, low, Black Republican schooners from New England, to be crowded and crammed in the narrow hold with as little regard to their personal comfort as if they were so many puncheons of rum or hogsheads of molasses. To employ the Colonization Society to take charge of them, is one project; to colonize them after the British fashion another; to set them to work raising cotton and rice for our own agriculturists another; and then, to take Cuba as a final means of closing the slave trade.

The question is one of practical and increasing importance, for the activity of our cruisers in the neighborhood of Cuba, and the bill reported in the Senate for building seven additional steam sloops-of-war to aid in the same purpose, indicate a *bona fide* intention to break up the slave trade. In the meantime, the Coolie atrocities, compared with which the darkest horrors of the African slave trade are tender mercies, are not only permitted to proceed without interruption, but bid fair to increase as the African trade diminishes. A more striking illustration of the Pharisaical and ingrained hypocrisy of English and American abolitionism cannot be found than in their ostentatious demonstrativeness against the enslavement of Africa, and their total want of all sympathy, in the debasing and hideous enslavement of men of their own color, men who have never been slaves in their own country, and whose sentiments and sensibilities are quite as refined and sensitive as their own.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

EARLY COTTON.

A gentleman left at our office, on Saturday, some Cotton stalks, from the plantations of Mr. Desel and Mr. Coffee, Brazoria county, Texas, which are certainly indicative of an early and abundant crop. These stalks were picked on the 7th of this month, and are about two feet high. The young bolls were then already formed—one of these stalks bearing ten. They were grown on land first opened to cultivation this season, and are only an average of the crop in that entire section.—*Charleston Mercury.*

SICKNESS IN TEXAS.

The Texas correspondent of the Mobile Mercury says, never in the absence of an epidemic, has so much disease been known as now.—Different types of fever, pneumonia, typhoid, congestive chills, and other diseases incident to our climate, are doing their work of destruction in almost every section of the State, and especially in the Southern and Southeast sections.

HIGH PRICE FOR TOBACCO.

We understand that Mr. Warren Morgan, of Caswell county, has sold to Messrs. Webb & Whitted, Manufacturers, in this place, his last year's crop of Tobacco, ten thousand pounds, at $52.50 per hundred. The engagement was made last winter, and is now being delivered. Messrs. Webb & Whitted have been scarcely a year engaged in the manufacturing business yet they have manifested a skill in the management of their business which has secured for their manufactured tobacco a high reputation.—*Hillsboro' Recorder.*

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

Capt. Wm. L Pannill, of Pittsylvania, while returning from Court on Monday night, was thrown from his horse when in the vicinity of Chalk Level, and had his arm broken in two places, and his collar bone was also broken. The night was very dark, and his horse being frightened by a dog in the road, darted into the woods and threw Mr. P. against a tree, thus causing the serious injuries above mentioned.—*Petersburg Express.*

DESTRUCTIVE HAIL STORM.

On the afternoon of the 14th, a destructive hail storm visited the neighborhood of Mill Grove, in Cabarrus and Mecklenburg counties, N. C. Wheat, cotton and growing crops of all kinds were injured to a great extent. On some plantations the wheat was entirely destroyed. The hail covered the ground from 4 to 6 inches deep. The same storm visited the neighborhood of Monroe, Union county, N. C. The hail stones remained on the ground 12 or 16 hours. Wheat was very much injured—in some fields not a stalk remaining. Some of the stones were as large as hen-eggs, shattering the glass from windows, and doing a great deal of damage.

ANOTHER.

A destructive hail storm passed over Rockbridge county, Va., on Friday of last week. Entire fields of wheat were destroyed, together with all kinds of vegetation. After the storm the hail was found to be from three to four inches in depth, and many of the stones were as large as hen-eggs.

INDIAN WAR.

The mail from Santa Fe, New Mexico, of the 17th, arrived at Independence on Wednesday. Six companies of dragoons had arrived, and, with the mounted rifles now at Fort Union, were making preparations to open the campaign against the Kiowa Indians. They were also looking out a new site for a fort on Red river, some forty miles this side. When that is established, Fort Union will be abandoned. Large forces were concentrating also at Pawnee Fork.

Educational.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE.—The collegiate year of this institution begins on the Last Thursday in July, and ends on the Second Thursday in June.

TERMS PER SESSION OF TWENTY-ONE WEEKS: Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra.) $50; tuition $30, incidental tax $1, French $10, Latin or Greek $5; oil painting $30, other styles in proportion; music on piano $22 50, music on guitar $21, graduation fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

FACULTY: Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., president, and professor of natural sciences and belles-lettres; W. F. Alderman, A. M., treasurer, and professor of Latin and mathematics; Theo. F. Wolle, professor of music; W. C. A. Frerichs, professor of drawing, painting and French; Miss Bettie Carter, Miss Lizzie Mayhew, Miss Alla D. Clary, assistants in literary department; Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Fannie Ogburn, Miss Addie Sussdorff, assistants in music; Miss L. C. Van Vleck, teacher of guitar; Miss Josephine M. Flint, teacher of vocal music; Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Mrs. Kate Smith, boarding department.

UNIFORM, &c.: The winter uniform is, mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets, trimmed with blue; summer, white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information address,
T. M. JONES,
11-1y Greensboro, N. C.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE. COMMENCEMENT.

On Tuesday, the 12th of June, at 8 o'clock, P. M., the Rev. JOHN S. LONG of Wilmington, will preach a sermon to the Senior Class, in the College Chapel.

On Wednesday, the 13th, at 10½ o'clock, A. M., the Rev. R. S. MORAN, of Tarboro, will deliver an Address before the two Literary Societies.

At 3 o'clock, P. M., the Rev. N. F. REID, of Wentworth, will deliver an Address before the Alumnæ. Concert at night.

Graduating Exercises on Thursday, the 14th.

All the ALUMNÆ of the Institution, are earnestly desired to be present.

The TRUSTEES will meet in their session-room on Monday, the 11th, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

may12-5w T. M. JONES.

GRAND VIEW FEMALE SEMINARY, Alamance county, N. C. Mrs. NANNIE M. MORTON, Principal, with competent Assistants. This Institution is located in a healthy and intelligent region of country, seven miles north of Gibsonville Station, on the North Carolina Railroad.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS:

Lower English Branches	$7 00
Higher English Branches	10 00
Music on Piano	15 00
Use of Instrument	1 00
French	5 00
Oil Painting	10 00
Wax, Leather Work, and Embroidery, each	5 00
Board, per session	50 00

The fall session of this Institution will commence on the 15th of July, 1860. Letters should be addressed to

JACOB MORTON,
may5-tf Morton's Store, Alamance co., N. C.

HIGH POINT FEMALE SCHOOL. The fall session, 1860, will begin on 6th of August. Pupils admitted at any time, and charged for the time they remain in school. ☞ A limited number of worthy poor young ladies will be credited for their *tuition* until they shall have had reasonable time to pay for it by their earnings as teachers or otherwise.

RATES PER SESSION.—Board $40.00; Tuition $10.00, $12.50, $15.00; Incidental Tax $1.00; Latin or French $5.00; Piano or Guitar $20.00. No charges for use of instruments.

TERMS.—Fifty dollars per session required in advance, the balance at the close of the session. ☞ These terms will be strictly enforced in every case. Pupils furnish their own towels and candles. They are not allowed to make accounts.

For further information address the Principal,
S. LANDER, A. M.
may12-6wp High Point, N. C.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The fall session of this school will commence on the First Monday in July, 1860, and continue for five months. We have in our employ a full corps of teachers, and no pains will be spared to promote the advancement of young ladies who may patronize us.

dec21-tf E. F. WATSON.

*** Greensboro Patriot, Hillsboro Recorder, and Christian Sun, please copy.

Miscellaneous.

TO THE LADIES.—A. WEATHERLY informs the Ladies of Greensboro and vicinity, that he has opened, in addition to his stock of Dry Goods, a MILLINERY ESTABLISHMENT, in his building, the office formerly occupied by the Farmer's Bank, two doors above his store, and one above Porter & Gorrell's. Our stock consists of the newest and latest styles of Ladies' Bonnets—crape, lace, straw, hair, chip, braid, and in fact every variety of bonnets; Mourning Bonnets always on hand. Misses' and Children's Hats and Flats, Shaker Hoods, Head-dresses, Ribbons, Ruches, Flowers, &c.

Having secured the services of Mrs. W. S. MOORE, a lady of much experience and great taste, also having made arrangements with a Fashionable Milliner in New York to supply Bonnets during the season, we hope to please all, even the most fastidious. Mrs. MOORE will always be found at the above establishment, where Bonnets will be trimmed in the latest styles and on the shortest notice. mh24tf

BROGANS.

Best double sole Brogans	$1 50
Good double sole Brogans	1 25
Good single Brogans	1 00

For sale at 41-tf J. F. BOONE'S

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS—In consequence of gas having been lately introduced into our place, we have left on our hands a large assortment of Kerosine Lamps, which we propose to sell for less than the original cost. We can furnish lamps suited to churches, academies, parlors or kitchens. Call at the Drug Store. may5 PORTER & GORRELL.

A PICTURE FOR THE TIMES.

THE UNION NOT IN DANGER
when the Shade of WASHINGTON is before us.
SPIRIT OF THE UNION.
Size 13x17 inches.

This truly patriotic and elaborate Picture in Oil Colors represents a correct full length portrait of WASHINGTON in military costume, illustrative of the following verses from William Ross Wallace's Poem.

And lo! on high the glorious shade
Of Washington lights all the gloom,
And points unto these words, arrayed
In lines of fire around his tomb:

"Americans! your fathers shed
Their blood to rear the Union's fame;
For this their fearless banners spread
On many a gory plain.

Americans! O, will ye dare,
On mountain, prairie, valley, flood,
By hurling down their glorious gift,
To desecrate that blood!

The Right shall live while Faction dies;
All traitors draw a fleeting breath;
But patriots drink from God's own eyes
Truth's light, that conquers death.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Sunday Courier.—It is well worthy the attention of every lover of art.

From the Sunday Atlas.—It is a magnificent production, and deserves an extensive patronage.

From the Com'l Advertiser.—The Picture is patriotic, and highly colored.

From the Despatch.—A very handsome and effective chrome-lithograph. It ought to find its way into frames, and adorn every patriot's fireside.

From the Evening Post.—"The Spirit of the Union" is the title of a handsomely colored chrolithograph. It represents the Father of his Country in full military costume, with a cloak thrown over his shoulders, and surrounded by a halo of tinted clouds.

From the N. Y. Sun.—A fine picture in oil colors representing a full length portrait of Washington in full military dress. By Edward Dechaux, New York. This picture is one of superior merit, and we doubt not will find a place in every household.

From the Home Journal.—It represents Washington in military costume as the guardian spirit of the Union. It happily illustrates the Union poem recently written by William Ross Wallace.

From the N. Y. Express.—It is a fine work of art, and ought to grace the walls of every house in the land.

TERMS.

Single copies by mail $1 and 12 cents in stamps; $5 will secure six copies free of postage.

To the trade a liberal discount will be made.

Published by EDWARD DECHAUX,
may26-4t ARTIST'S EMPORIUM, 709 Broadway, N Y.

Dry Goods, &c.

BOOTS AND SHOES, CHEAP.—I am now receiving and opening the largest stock of Boots and Shoes ever offered in Greensboro. My stock consists of ladies', gentlemen's, misses', boy's, youth's and children's Shoes and Gaiters, of

EVERY VARIETY, STYLE AND PRICE:

Negro Brogans, Leather, French Calfskins, and Shoefindings of every description. All of which will be sold at prices that defy competition. All I ask is a trial to convince you that it is to your interest to buy of me. Terms cash. 41-tf J. F. BOONE.

NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA. Look here, friends and fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the county agent, for their new, large and magnificent MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and all the cities, towns and villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her fields and flowers. If you want this Golden Prize, now is the time. The map is seven feet by five, with border views of the State-house, insane asylum, Chapel Hill, male and female colleges, &c.; and is one of the cheapest and best maps ever published

Agents are wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal. PEARCE & BEST.
tf Hillsboro, N. C.

1860..... NEW STORE 1860

LANDECKER & KLINE, would call the attention of the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity to the fact that they have opened a new store at Yates' old stand, where they will keep constantly on hand a large stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

which have been selected with great care, and which they will sell at prices which defy competition. Their Stock comprises a large assortment of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

consisting in part of Black and Fancy Silks, Foulard Silks, Valencias, Poil de Chevreur, Poplins, Organdies, Muslins, Jaconetts, Barreges, with trimmings to correspond; together with a beautiful assortment of Ginghams, Calicoes, Homespuns, Shirtings, &c. We would invite the attention of the ladies to our magnificent stock of White Goods, French and Swiss needle-worked Collars and Sleeves, French Bands, Children's Waists, Mitts, Lace Points, Mantillas, Dusters, French Flowers, Ribbons, Head-Dresses, and all the Novelties of the Season, which were imported by our connected house in New York, and at prices which cannot fail to please; in fact we can say that we have everything that is kept in a Dry Goods Store, and that we are able to sell goods lower than any other house in this section of country. Call and examine our stock and judge for yourselves if you will not save money by purchasing your goods of us. Our motto is, "large sales and small profits."

We have also on hand a large stock of Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers with and without heels, for ladies' and gentlemen's wear, misses' and children's Shoes, all of the best make, and cheaper than ever offered in this place.

apr14-tf LANDECKER & KLINE.

ODE TO STRANGERS.

Among the houses in town, oh say if thou knowest
O'er which the gay standard of Fashion is unfurled,
Where the welcome is warm and the prices are lowest,
And the Clothes are the cheapest and best in the world?
If not—fly at once! To S. ARCHER & Co.'s betake you,
They best can assist you to bear out your plan;
They either have got, or will speedily make you,
The best suit of Clothes ever seen upon man!!

S. ARCHER & CO., would again call the attention of their old friends and customers and the rest of mankind, to their

UNRIVALLED STOCK
-OF-
FASHIONABLE SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING,

which has been selected with their usual care, and especially adapted to the wants of this community, and at

PRICES SO LOW AS TO DEFY COMPETITION!

Our Stock is complete and large, and comprises the

LATEST STYLES
of PANTS, COATS and VESTS; a superb stock of
PLAIN AND FANCY TIES,
SHIRTS, DRAWERS,
HATS, SHOES,
PISTOLS,
PERFUMERY, &c., &c.

We have Goods to suit the purses of all. Whole Suits at $2.75 and upwards.

We were never better prepared, either in price or assortment to give general satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage. apr14

J. F. JOLLEE, at Winbourne & Witty's old stand, is now receiving and opening his stock of SPRING AND SUMMER DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
GROCERIES, &c.,

which he will sell cheap for cash, or to punctual customers on a short credit. A call is solicited from both ladies and gentlemen before purchasing elsewhere. Thankful for past favors, he hopes to merit a continuance of the same.

apr21-tf J. F. JOLLEE.

HOOP SKIRTS.—Hoop Skirts, of the best material, from 15c. upwards.

apr14-tf LANDECKER & KLINE.

1860 .....SPRING TRADE..... 1860

THE MERCHANTS OF VIRGINIA, North Carolina, and Tennessee, are earnestly requested to examine our stock of DRY GOODS for the ensuing season, consisting of a large assortment of

English and French Dress Goods for ladies,	
Irish Linens,	Worsted Cords,
Bleached Linens,	Cloths,
White Cambrics,	Farmer Drills,
Jaconets,	Dunlaps,
Swiss and Embroidered Muslins,	Cottonades,
	Vestings,
Brilliants,	Threads, Spool Cotton,
Alpaccas,	Italian Cloths,
Plain DeLaines,	Farmers' Satins,
Ginghams, Prints,	Hosiery,
English and French Drap d'Etes,	

Linen, Cambric, Silk, Cotton and Gingham Handk'fs.

All of our own importation, and selected in the European markets in person by our experienced and judicious agent, Mr. WILLIAM BELL, formerly in the Dry Goods Jobbing business in this place. Also, a large and attractive stock of AMERICAN FABRICS, all of which we will sell to the trade as low and upon as favorable terms as they can be bought in any market in this country.

ELLETT & DREWRY
mrh31-6m No. 11 Pearl st., Richmond, Va.

Medical.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA, a benevolent institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with virulent and epidemic diseases.

In times of epidemics it is the object of this institution to establish hospitals, to provide nurses, physicians, clothing, food, medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of epidemics, the Directors have authorized the consulting surgeon to give medical advice *gratis* to all persons suffering under chronic diseases of a virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, maltreatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise; and, in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish medicines free of charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of chronic diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various reports and tracts on the nature and treatment of chronic diseases, by the consulting surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent *free of charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for report of treatment, Dr. J. SKILLON HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors,

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.
GEORGE FAIRCHILD, Secretary. janll-1y

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH Cancers, Asthma, Scrofula, or any skin Disease, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some of which were given up as hopeless by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is incredulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Calls will be made, or medicine sent by mail.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him and describe their case.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
tf Greensboro, N. C.

Medical.

Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Has the Largest Sale
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
Of any Medicine in the World.
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
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100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
100,000 Packages
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
Sold In Georgia and SouthCarolina
In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.
In Fourteen Months.
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In Fourteen Months.
It is Warranted to Cure
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It is Warranted to Cure
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If Directions are Followed,
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If Directions are Followed,
If Directions are Followed,
If Directions are Followed,
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Any Case of Dyspepsia
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Any Case of Dyspepsia
Liver Disease,
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Palpitation,
Palpitation,
Palpitation

Chronic Diarrhœa,
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Chronic Diarrhœa,
Chronic Diarrhœa,
Chronic Diarrhœa,
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Depressed Spirits,
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Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Depressed Spirits,
Loss of Appetite,
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Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite,
Loss of Appetite.

Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,
Pain in Side and Back,

It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to
It is Especially Adapted to

Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;
Female Complaints;

It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form
It Produces Rotundity of Form

In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit
In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit

Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should
Every Invalid Should

Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.
Try One Package.

Send a Postage Stamp to the Proprietors for their Pamphlet on "Diseases of Stomach and Bowels"

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Medical.

SANCHEZ SPECIFIC.

THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,
THAT GREAT REMEDY, SANCHEZ' SPECIFIC,

THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,
THE ONLY POSITIVE CURE BEFORE THE PEOPLE,

FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
FOR SPECIAL DISEASES, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,

IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,
IS EASILY TAKEN, HAS NO BAD TASTE,

WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME
WILL EFFECT A CURE WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME

OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, WITH LESS TROUBLE,

MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,
MORE SPEEDILY, AND PERMANENTLY,

THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY TEST ONE PACKAGE.
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY. TEST ONE PACKAGE.

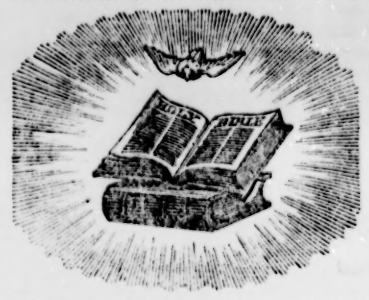
Every Druggist and Country Merchant should keep a supply of this valuable Remedy, not only from the profits that accrue from its sales, but as an act of philanthropy towards suffering humanity. It will be made to the especial and pecuniary interest of all Druggists to purchase of W. W. BLISS & CO., PROPRIETORS,
363 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
10,000 Negroes
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Saved Yearly.
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Planters Take Notice,
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Jacob's Cordial
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
Is The Only Sure
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
And Positive Remedy
Before The People
Before The People
Before The People
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
In Dysentery,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
Diarrhœa,
And Flux.
And Flux.
And Flux.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.
It Never Fails.

W. W. BLISS & CO., Proprietors,
363 Broadway, New York.

For Sale in Greensboro by
PORTER & GORRELL.

Children's Department.



EDITED BY WILLIAM E. PABOR,
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

"This tell's to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs: with what a kingly power their love
May rule the formative's of the new-born mind—
Warn'ng them to wake at early dawn and sow
Good seed, before the world doth sow the tares.

WHO TAUGHT YOU TO SWEAR.

Many years ago, when there were few railroads a party set out from a Southern city for a weary journey by stage coach. Amid all their discomforts they had one great blessing. The youthful driver was very cheerful, and seemed intent on making his passengers cheerful as much so as lay in his power.—Many a weary mile over wretched roads was beguiled by his merry whistle, or lively song: the rains poured, the horses lagged, but heard above the winds was the carrolled air of "Home, Sweet Home," or the bird like whistle of "Blue-eyed Mary." Oh, it is such a joy to see another satisfied and happy in his lot and at his toil! It makes the lowly look up in hope, and the lofty look down in humanity; it makes the millionaire honor his driver or his footman.

Now that is the bright side of our young stage driver: why must there be two sides to everything? Before the party halted, after the first day's journey, the jaded horses thought they had gone as far as profitable and it was contrary to their sense of right that they were pressed on. Our hero on the box coaxed, whistled, patted and at last whipped them, but still they dragged heavily on; when at length losing all patience the peasant sounds that had cheered the insiders were changed. There did not seem to be passion in his tones, but, having tried all other motives to speed, the driver now began to swear, as if profanity could impel forward a wornout horse. "God," "Jesus," that "dearest of all the names above," were repeated with shocking frequency and carelessness. Some of the passengers were unmoved, but others could say with the prophet, "The reproaches of them that reproached Thee, fell on me."

Among the passengers was an aged minister. He said nothing at the time, but when they stopped for the night he made himself quite familiar with the young driver, asking him questions about his business and his horses, manifesting an interest in all that he found interested him.

When ready to start at break of day he asked permission to sit on the box, that he might see the country and talk with him; "Sir," said he, "I'm very fond of the company of young men." This familiarity and condescension completely won the heart of the would-be Jehu; and in the kindest manner he gave all the information in his power to the old gentleman.

"You're a minister, are you?" he asked after a little while.

"Yes, my friend, I am a Baptist minister."

"A Baptist minister, are you?" he cried; "why my mother's a Baptist; and when I get home I'll tell her about you;" and strong filial love beamed in his eye.

"Then your mother is a Baptist; is she a good woman?" asked the old man.

"Indeed she is sir," replied the affectionate son; "I owe her everything. I don't know a single thing which she did not teach me."

"Are you sure of that my young friend?"

"Yes, sir, for my father died when I was very small, and left us poor. We were three or four miles from a school, and as I was her all sir, she couldn't trust me so far from her all day. So she taught me at home till we moved away from there; and then I was old enough to go to work. Yes, sir, I will tell it to her credit, she taught me all I know."

"*Did she teach you to swear my son?*" said the old gentleman, and clapping his hand on the driver's shoulder, "Tell me did your mother teach you to swear?" The youth looked thunder-struck. He colored deeply and hung his head in silence.

"Come, my son," said the minister, "you have told me that your mother was a Baptist; I want to know whether she is the right kind of a Baptist or not; *did she teach you to swear?*"

The young driver looked up. There was none of that dogged insolence which we sometimes see in persons who have been justly reproved.

"I'm mortified, sir," he said, "that you heard me swear last night to my horses. I was *very tired*, and very anxious to reach L."

"And did your horses feel the oath more than the whip, my friend? We inside could not discover that they were at all influenced by it, said the minister."

"Of course not sir. And as to my mother teaching me to swear she does not know that I ever took a profane word on my lips. I hope she never will know it, for I believe it would break her heart. I know as well as any Minister can teach me, that swearing is wicked, as well as useless, but I've been thrown into a good deal of bad company in my business, and have fallen into the habit, hardly knowing when I do it. I forget when I loose my patience."

"Do you forget when at home with your mother?"

"Never, her presence forbids it. I could not swear in her hearing."

"And yet you can do so in the hearing of the God you insult, of the Savior who died for you!" replied the old man. "God forgive the child of a praying mother for such impiety!"

"Sir, I declare, with his help that you have heard my last oath," said the young man, deeply moved.

"When I left my daughter's house," said the Minister, "she put a noble great loaf of fruit cake in my trunk. When we part I will give it to you for a present for your mother, if you will promise to tell her how you got it, and all the particulars of our interview. Confess your sin to her and God, and that, my son, will enable you to keep your good resolution."

The driver promised to do so, and after that he was never heard to use a coarse or a profane word. Oh, what a mighty power does a Christian mother still exercise over her beloved wanderers, restraining them from sin, or drawing them out of its meshes when once ensnared.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical: and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

ODOMETERS, OR DISTANCE MEASURES.

The Hartford *Courant* states that the manufacture of odometers, for measuring the distance traveled by any vehicle, is now carried on somewhat extensively in that city. Livery keepers use them considerably, and in many cases the individuals who go off for a drive of five or ten miles and take twenty, are brought up "with a round turn" by this contrivance, and often to their great astonishment. Sundry instances are on record, where these persons have agreed to pay the bill without grumbling, if the livery man would explain his means of information. They get the information sometimes, and sometimes they don't. The idea of attaching a watch to a wagon wheel to act as a watch on the driver is altogether Yankee.

MODE OF RESTORING DAMAGED VELVET.

The *Monitor de la Salud* publishes the following method of restoring velvet to its original condition. It is well know that when velvet has been wet, not only its appearance is spoiled, but it becomes hard and knotty. To restore its original softness, it must be thoroughly damped on the wrong side, and then held over a very hot iron, care being taken not to let it touch the latter. In a short time the velvet becomes, as it were, new again The theory of this is very simple. The heat of the iron evaporates the water through the tissue, and forces the vapor out at the upper side; this vapor passing between the different fibres, separates those which adhere together in hard bunches. If the velvet were ironed after dampening, an exactly opposite result would be obtained; it is, therefore, necessary that the substance should not come in contact with the heated iron.

HOW TO DEAL WITH A CROSS PERSON.

Perfect silence is the only way some persons can keep their tempers, and that to a cross person is often but adding fuel to the flame. A little unexpected act of attention or kindness at such a time, will sometimes surprise your opponent into good humor in spite of himself, and start repentant tears from his eyes. Happy he who does this, for by every such act of magnanimity does he diminish the distance between himself and Heaven.

JOINT WORM.

The Fredericksburg (Va.) Herald says that the growing wheat crop from Fredericksburg to the mouth of the Rappahannock River—embracing the large and fertile Valley of the Rappahannock, nearly one hundred miles in length—is less promising than for many years past. In Richmond, Westmoreland, Middlesex, Spotsylvania, King George, Orange and Stafford, the worm is making great inroads. The worm has made its appearance in several portions of the county of Amherst, and is playing sad havoc with the growing wheat.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR PRESERVES.

A lady writer in an exchange, communicates the following bit of information obtained where she "took tea last." A dish of what I took to be preserves, was passed to me, which, upon tasting, I was surprised to learn, contained no fruit. The ease with which it was prepared, and the trifling cost of its materials, are not its chief recommendations, for, unless my tasting apparatus deceived me, as it is not usually wont to do, it is emphatically a tip-top substitute for apple-sauce, apple-butter, tomato preserves, and all that sort of thing. Its preparation is as follows:—Moderately boil a pint of molasses from five to twenty minutes, according to its consistency; then add three eggs, thoroughly beaten, hastily stirring them in, and continue to boil a few minutes longer, when season with a nutmeg or lemon.

Mr. B., did you say or did you not say what I said you said? Because C. says you said you never did say what I said you said. Now if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greates flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make he best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Editors of The Times:—As I have not yet seen the question of the 100 rod ditch solved, I will give you my views of what I think is the only way the question can be solved. Now, one end is worse than the other, and the operator to have $1.25 per rod for his end, the other 75 cents per rod for his end: now divide the ditch into five parts, and 2-5, 40 rods, at $1.25 is $50; 50 rods at 75 cts. is $37.50, and 10 rods of the other end at $1.25 is $12.50, added to $37.50, is $50. I think it is evident that in order for each to have an equal portion of the money and have $100 for the work, that 50 rods must have $1.25, and 50 rods 75 cents—so that he who only gets 75 cts. for his end must have $1.25 per rod for what he does on the other end. M. P.

Every thing great is not always good.

The tears of the compassionate are sweeter than the dew drops falling from roses on the bosom of the earth.

'Better to be alone than in bad company.' True, but unfortunately, many persons are never in so bad company as when they are alone.

'Sonny dear,' said a fond mother, 'you have a dirty face.'

'Can't help it, mam, dad's a Black Republican.

'Why don't you get married?' said a young lady the other day to a bachelor friend. 'I have been trying, for the last ten years, to find some one who would be silly enough to have me,' was the reply. 'I guess you haven't been up our way,' was the insinuating rejoinder.

Our fashionable ladies would seem to be growing smart, for it was never before so hard to *get round them*. They would seem, too, to be growing prudish, for they never before *kept the gentlemen at so great a distance*.

My dear! what shall we name our baby? said Mr. Smith, the other day.

Why, hus, I've settled on Peter.

Peter? I never knew a man with the simple name of Peter who could earn his salt.

Well then we will call him Salt Peter.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind is to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble come upon you keep up your spirits though the day may be a dark one.

In Turkey, whenever a store keeper is convicted of telling a lie, his house is painted black, to remain so a month. If there was such a law in force in this country, what a sombre and gloomy appearance some of our cities would have.

COMFORTS OF AN EDITOR.

If he does not fill his paper with news of importance, whether there be any or not, it is condemned for not being what it purports to be—a newspaper.

If he does not at least fill one column every week with something laughable, his folio is pronounced uninteresting.

If a public nuisance should exist, notice of it would offend; and not to notice it would be censured.

If he does not publish all the marriages and deaths that occur "in the world for 20 miles around," whether he hears of them or not, he is not fit for an editor.

If every paper does not contain a goodly number of Suicides, Horrible Murders and Melancholy Accidents, it is a dull, unwelcome sheet.

If half the glorious transactions which occur are recorded, it is spurned as a vehicle of calumities.

If his paper contains advertisements, the general reader murmurs; if it does not the man of business will not patronize.

If a dozen friends call on him while he is correcting his proof-sheet and one error escapes detection, he is the biggest blunderhead in the world.

THE TWO SEXES.

There is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in all young women, (except, indeed when they get together and fall a giggling.) It shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than our rough masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires, heaven knows what assiduity, to move three steps, I do not say like a gentleman, but like a boy with a soul in him; but give the least advantage of society or tuition, to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is a sentiment in all women, and that gives delicacy to thought and taste to manner; with men it is generally acquired—an offspring of the intellectual quality, not as with the other sex, of the moral.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

SHARP AS A NEEDLE.

The following *bon mot* was started out West: A busy housewife was sitting in a doorway playing her needle. Her husband lounging on the rail, his foot slipped and he bruised his knee on the door stone. "O," said he groaning, "I have broken the bone, I'm sure."—"Well, then," said she, holding up her needle with its eye broken out. "you and I have done very nearly the same thing."

"How so?" "Why, don't you see," said she, "I have broken the *eye of the needle man*, and you have broken the *knee of the idle man.*"

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. ..... J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. 6-1y

GEORGE W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y. 105-1f

GEORGE T. WHITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Jefferson City, Missouri, will attend the different Courts held at the capital, and in the adjoining counties. Also to the collection of debts; and persons who wish to have investments made in the West may be assured that his long acquaintance here would enable him to make selections greatly to their advantage. tf

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, High Point, N. C., will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-1y

LEVI M. SCOTT. ..... WILLIAM L. SCOTT.

SCOTT & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Greensborough, N. C., will attend the courts of Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Davidson, Forsythe, Orange and Rockingham. All claims entrusted to them for collection, will receive prompt attention. Office on North Elm street, fourth door from Lindsay's corner. jan 21-1y

Periodicals.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, is one of the cheapest publications in the country. Two volumes a year are published, each volume containing at least 480 pages, in neat style, with fine cover and advertising sheet. The two volumes will be furnished for only $5 for the year 1860. Clubs remitting us $15 in one letter, will be entitled to six copies.

The Messenger will, as heretofore, present its readers with reviews, historical and biographical sketches, novels, tales, travels, essays, poems, critiques, and papers on the army, navy, and other national subjects. The editorial and critical department will continue under the charge of John E. Thompson, Esq. The business department is conducted by the undersigned, to whom all communications of a business nature must be addressed.

MACFARLANE, FERGUSSON & CO.,
Bank and 12th Sts., Richmond, Va.
jan7-tf

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The third volume of this journal commenced with the year 1860. It will be published monthly, at ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!

and each number will contain thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The JOURNAL is neatly printed on good book paper, with some improvements, and efforts will be made to improve it in every respect, in preparation to the encouragement received from those to whom it looks for support.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association, and is under its control; and it is the aim and wish of the committee to whom the management of it is entrusted, to make it a valuable auxiliary to the cause of education.

The JOURNAL is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And, should the county boards of superintendents agree hereafter to act under the law allowing them to "subscribe for a copy not exceeding TEN DOLLARS for each school district to their respective districts," the communication will be given to the special interests and wants of Common Schools—the Teachers and other friends of education are earnestly respected to act as agents, and also to contribute articles suitable for its pages.

TERMS: One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance—any one sending ten new subscribers, will be entitled to one copy extra. All subscriptions to begin with the January No., so long as the back numbers can be supplied.

THE JOURNAL and THE TIMES, one year, for $2.50.

The First Volume of THE JOURNAL will be sent, free of postage, for $2, and the Second for $1.

The Second Volume will be furnished neatly bound, when orders indicate a sufficient demand to justify it, at $1.50; and when ordered by the "Board," I will throw in both of a county, at $1.70. Address, J. D. CAMPBELL,
tf Greensborough, N. C.

Advertisements inserted at the same rates as heretofore.

FOR THE YEAR 1860.—
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE TIMES.
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
THE FAMILY PAPER OF THE SOUTH.
SUBSCRIBE EARLY.
SUBSCRIBE EARLY.
SUBSCRIBE EARLY.

THE TIMES is also contributed to regularly by the best writers in the South. Special attention is called to the Historical Department, in which is given Sketches,

With Illustrations,

of the most interesting Revolutionary events of the lives of our most distinguished patriots and statesmen and the most prominent and noted places of the country. The publishers are determined to spare neither pains nor expense to make THE TIMES the largest, the cheapest, and the

Best Family Paper

for the South. In it will also be given, weekly, all the news of the day; the market reports; a column for the Farm and the Work-shop; a column for the Dairy and Garden; a Children's Department, edited by Wm. E. Pabor, the "Children's Friend;" and a column of Wit, that will make one "laugh and grow fat." Let the families of the South encourage this Southern Family Paper.

TERMS: Single subscription $2 a year; six copies for $10; ten copies for $15. No paper sent unless paid for in advance. Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

Musical.

PIANOS, MELODEONS, AND ORGANS.—The Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons, for depth, purity of tone and durability, are unsurpassed. Prices reasonable. Second Hand Pianos and Melodeons, from $25 to $150.

TESTIMONIALS.—"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best."—*Evangelist.* "We can speak of their merits from personal knowledge."—*Christian Int.* "Waters' Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—*Home Journ.*

HORACE WATERS, Agent,
jan28-22t. 333 Broadway, New York.

ANNIVERSARY AND SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK No. 5, contains fifty tunes and hymns, mostly new, just what is wanted for Sabbath-School Anniversaries, Christmas Festivals, Concerts, Revival Meetings and New-Year's Greetings. Among the many beautiful may be found "Happy Christmas Morn," "Music of Angels," cantata, "Announcement of the Saviour's Birth," "Pleasant Sabbath-School," "Rouse, thee, Child of Heaven," "Sorrow shall come again no more," "Bethlehem Star," "Bright Happy New Year," "Don't you hear the Angels Coming?" "Be kind to the loved ones at Home." Price 5cts $5 per 100, postage 1c.

HORACE WATERS, Agent,
jan28-22t. 333 Broadway, N. Y.

NORTH CAROLINA—GUILFORD County—Superior Court of Law Spring Term, 1860. Mary A. Shackleford against Armstead Shackleford—Petition for Divorce.

It appearing to the satisfaction of Court that the Defendant in this case is not an inhabitant of this State, it is therefore ordered by the court that publication be made for six successive weeks in the Greensboro Times, notifying said defendant to be and appear at our next term of this court held for the county Guilford at the court-house in Greensboro, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday in September next, then and there to plead, answer or demur to the plaintiff's petition; otherwise the case will be heard ex parte as to him.

Witness, W. D. Trotter, clerk of our said court at office the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March, 1860.
may12-6w W. D. TROTTER, Clerk.

CHAIR FACTORY IN GUILFORD. A. P. LEDBETTER, near New Garden, is manufacturing Chairs of the best quality, fine or plain. Orders are respectfully solicited. 3w.

SOMETHING NEW.—Misses', boy's, youth's and children's Boots and Shoes with metalic tips. One pair will last as long as two or three of the ordinary make. 41-tf J. F. ROONE.

HENRICO PILE LOTION—The only known sure remedy for the piles. For sale at the Drug Store. may5 PORTER & GORRELL.

WEST GREEN NURSERIES AND GARDENS, near Greensboro.—Gentlemen and Ladies wishing to visit the above establishment, will find hacks, carriages, &c., at Greensboro on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, and other days if necessary. For tickets apply to PORTER & GORRELL at the Drug Store.
may26-6m WESTBROOK & MENDENHALL.

Business Cards.

W. GRAYDON ..... J. GRAYDON ..... G. H. SHELEY ..... W. A. SCOTT.

A. PERRY SPERRY, of North Carolina, with WM. GRAYDON & CO., importers and jobbers of Dry Goods, 46 Park Place, and 41 Barclay st., New York. 2-1y

CO-PARTNERSHIP—M. KELLOGG of Milton, and W. M. YOUNG of Guilford, have this day formed a co-partnership for manufacturing Monuments and Tombstones of every description, which will be delivered at all places in Southern Virginia and North Carolina, at the lowest prices. All orders sent to Milton or Greensboro will be promptly attended to.
may12-6m KELLOGG & YOUNG.

JOHN DICKINSON, ... ISAAC N. COLE,
of Petersburg, of Halifax.

DICKENSON & COLE, RICHMOND, Va., Commission and Forwarding Merchants, Shockoe Hill, second door from Cary street, solicit consignments of tobacco, wheat, corn and other produce. Special attention paid to forwarding manufactured tobacco and goods.

FINLEY JOHNSON, being well known as a Writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write sermons, addresses, essays, presentation speeches and reports, prepare matter for the press, write acrostics, lines for albums, obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Post-office address, Baltimore, M. D. 10-tf

GEO. H. KELLY, BOOKSELLER, No. 27 Market street, Wilmington, N. C., keeps constantly on hand every variety of school books, miscellaneous books, blank books, drawing books, music books, backgammon and letter papers, letter note and billet paper, artist materials of all kinds, letter presses, letter copying books, inks, pens, lead pencils, law books, doctor books, crayons, pictures, Bibles, tracts for Christian and all printing, &c. Knabe & Co's celebrated pianos for sale. Grover & Baker sewing machines, and Comer sewing machines. Also for any of the above articles promptly filled and forwarded by mail, railroad, or otherwise. July2-1y.

HECTOR DAVIS, Auctioneer and Commission Merchant for the sale of Negroes, Franklin st., Richmond, Va. Sells Negroes both publicly and privately, and pledges his best efforts to get the highest prices. herbert-3mp

J. J. CHAPLIN, BOOK-BINDER, at the old "Star" office, opposite the Presbyterian Church, Raleigh, N. C., respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity, that he will promptly attend to the binding of new papers magazines, and periodicals of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms. jan1-tf

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER, and dealer in Furniture, near the N. C. Rail-road depot Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand or will make to order all kinds of cabinet-furniture, such as dressing-bureaus, wardrobes, washstands, centre-tables, sofas, coffins, &c. Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work, as he is confident from his past experience it cannot be excelled. Work delivered on board the cars free of charge. 12-1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL Purchasing and Commission Merchant, and dealer in guns, rifles, pistols, pumps, safes, sewing machines, &c., No. 137 Chambers street, New York. Commission for buying and forwarding, two and a half per cent. Also, sole proprietor of the American Pump, raising water in all depths under 1 foot, by hand. Also, publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. Carolina," "Southern Biology," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c. *References*: Messrs. Fleetwood & Gilbreath, John B. Odom, Hon. Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington; W. & D. Richards, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAnally, D.D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Story, Charleston, S. C.; Hon. W. A. Graham, Hon. J. W. Ellis, Hon. D. L. Swain, Charles F. Deems, D.D., North Carolina; Myatt & Toler, Ala. tf

J. W. WIGGINS, AGENT, (late of Raleigh, N. C.,) General Commission and Produce Merchant, 128 Sycamore street, Petersburg, Va. He will fill orders of every kind promptly. jan 11-1y

JOHN R. LONDON. ..... JOHN R. BRYAN,
Late of Wilmington, N. C. Late of Raleigh, N. C.

LONDON & BRYAN, GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 32 India street, Boston, Mass., will devote their attention to the sale of naval stores, cotton, lumber, and Southern produce generally; also to purchasing and shipping all orders for goods, &c. We are prepared to extend the usual facilities to all consignments. dec17-6mp

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND WATCHMAKER, West-market street, Greensboro, N. C., keeps constantly on hand a splendid stock of fine and fashionable jewelry of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral jewelry. He has also a stock of fine gold and silver watches. All repairing done in the best manner, and warranted. All persons wishing to purchase jewelry will do well to call on him before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market. aug1-tf

R. G. STAPLES, CARD-WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less written and forwarded, prepaid for $1 50 per pack; cards of more than two lines $2 00 per pack, prepaid to the address of those ordering. tf

ROWLAND & BROTHERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Norfolk, Va., are prepared to receive and dispose of advantageously any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience together with every facility and ability, enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for and refer to among others: P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Pfifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan. Authorized agents for THE TIMES, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6-1y

R. L. DICKINSON, (successor to Binford, Dickinson & Weisiger,) manufacturers of all kinds of Silk and Fur Hats, and wholesale dealer in Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Children's Furs, No. 78 Main st., Richmond, Va. mch31-1y

RICHARDSON & CO., deal exclusively in, and keep for sale in quantities to suit purchasers, at their ware-rooms, No. 95 Main st., Richmond, Va., all kinds of Carpetings, Mattings, Floor Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats, Curtain Goods, Window Shades, Table Oil Cloths, Piano and Table Covers, &c. They will have made to order Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Curtains and Shades. mrh 31-6m.p

WM. PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, Fayetteville street, Raleigh, will supply designs, working drawings, specifications and superintendence for churches, public and private buildings, etc. He respectfully refers to those by whom he has been engaged in the State: New Baptist Church committee, Raleigh, University building committee, Chapel Hill; new Court-house committee, Yanceyville, Caswell county; R. S. Tucker, W. M. Boylan, W. C. Harrison, Raleigh; W. S. Battle, Esq., Rocky Mount, Edgecombe county, and others. All letters on business, addressed box 106, Raleigh, N. C., promptly attended to. tf

WILLIAM C. DONNEL, PHOTOGRAPHIST, Garrett's new building, is taking pictures at fifty cents and upwards. Having just received a large and well assorted variety of cases, he respectfully invites the public generally to call and examine specimens and give him a trial, and if he does not please, he makes no charge. 38-1y

J. E. WADSWORTH, ... D. E. TURNER, ... C. S. PALMER.

WADSWORTH, TURNER & CO., No. 18 Fourteenth st., Richmond, Va., wholesale dealers in foreign and domestic Dry Goods, and agents for the N. C. Rock Island Co., offer a very extensive stock of rich Fancy and Staple spring and summer Goods, which they will sell on as favorable terms as they can be purchased in any market in the United States. mr31-1mp

Miscellaneous.

NEW STOCK OF HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, UMBRELLAS, &c.—I desire to invite the attention of country merchants and purchasers generally to my new stock of Hats, Caps, Straw Goods, Umbrellas, Canes, &c., which is now very full and complete, comprising a great variety of styles and qualities suited to the spring and summer trade. The stock has been selected with great care from the most approved manufacturers, and is well adapted to the wants of this section of country, and will be offered at prices that can not fail to please. JAMES E. WOLFF,
mrch24-1y No. 17 Sycamore st., Petersburg, Va.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the firm of COLE & AMIS must come forward and settle, as the books must be closed. feb11-tf.